



THE HUNTING GROUND

by A.K. Benedict

THE DOCTOR

Time and space traveller.

INSPECTOR YRSA KRISTJANSDOTTIR

[PRO: UR-SUH; KRIST-JANS-DAW-TIER] (F, LATE 20s) Inspector in Reykjavic police. Terse, tenacious.

THE HUNTER/ KRISTJAN

(M, 50s) Twelve-foot interplanetary game hunter. /Yrsa's father, head of Reykjavic police until his suspicious death.

FRIDA

(F, 30s) Environmental activist and protector of trolls.

INGRID

(F, 40s) Chief Inspector; Yrsa's boss.

SIGDOR

[PRO: SIG-DAW] (M, 30s) Oleaginous Minister for Environment.

LEFT MARFICK

One head of a two-headed civil servant.

RIGHT MARFICK

Other head of a two-headed civil servant.

CONSTABLE FLOKI

(M, 20s) Baffled police officer.

ALSO: YOUNG YRSA; PATHOLOGIST; HELLION ROBOT RECEPTIONIST;
ALIEN MATRON.

DIRECTOR: TBC

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

PRODUCER: JOHN AINSWORTH

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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PART ONE

1. INT. KRISTJAN'S HOUSE

FX: COSY, SMALL SITTING ROOM: SOFTLY TICKING GRANDFATHER CLOCK; HEARTH FIRE CRACKLES. PAGE OF A BOOK TURNS.

KRISTJAN:

(IN STORYTELLING MODE) 'And so the trolls turned their grey faces to the sky. The clouds rolled back, revealing the morning sun. It shone down on all of Iceland, warming the vast, rounded backs of the trolls and turning them, inch by inch, into stone. One troll, though, was already running for the forest. The earth shook under his scaled feet as he tried to reach the shadow of the trees. Just when he thought he was safe, [a -]'

FX: CLOCK STRIKES THE HOUR. KRISTJAN CLOSSES THE HEAVY BOOK.

KRISTJAN:

And that's enough for tonight, little one.

YOUNG YRSA:

(DISAPPOINTED) Ohhhh!

KRISTJAN:

It's New Year's Eve. The hidden folk are looking for new homes. So first we light a candle for the elves. Then you must go to bed.

FX: SOFA SIGHS AS KRISTJAN STANDS. WALKS OVER CREAKING FLOORBOARDS TO THE FIREPLACE.

KRISTJAN:

Your mother used to say these words. Now it is my turn, as one day it shall be yours.

FX: MATCH STRUCK, CANDLE LIT.

KRISTJAN:

(BEGINNING TO RECITE) 'Those who wish to come may come—'

FX: A FIREWORK CRIES ACROSS THE SKY OUTSIDE, INTERRUPTING KRISTJAN. ANOTHER FOLLOWS ON ITS TAIL, SIGHING.

KRISTJAN:

Look through the window, Yrsa [PRO: UR-SUH]. The fireworks may show up a troll running past.

YOUNG YRSA:

(NOISE OF DISBELIEF)

KRISTJAN:

(LAUGHS) One day you'll see one, then you'll believe. Now, where was I? Ah yes. (CLEARS THROAT) 'Those who wish to come may come, / Those who wish to leave may leave, / But harm not me nor mine / But harm not me nor mine.'

FX: ON THE LAST LINE, THE SOUND IN THE SCENE BECOMES DREAMY AND FAINT — KRISTJAN'S MEMORY IS IN THE PROCESS OF BEING REMOVED BY THE HUNTER...

CROSS TO:

2. EXT. ICELANDIC SNOWFIELDS (CONTINUOUS)

FX: WE ARE NOW IN THE REAL WORLD. AN ENERGY WEAPON IS FIRING CONTINUOUSLY — A PULSING, LOW SOUND, EXTRACTING KRISTJAN'S MEMORY. ARCTIC WIND RACES ACROSS THE FIELD. WOLVES BAY NEARBY.

KRISTJAN:

(CRIES OUT IN AGONY) Aaaaah!! I have money! A house! Take it all — kill me if you have to... but don't take this. Leave me with this. She is all that matters. Please, no! (DYING) No...!!

MUSIC: OPENING THEME

3. EXT. SNOWFIELDS OUTSIDE REYJKAVIC

FX: DISTANT, A WOLF HOWLS. YRSA'S FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH ACROSS DEEP SNOW AND STOP. RUSH OF A NEARBY RIVER.

YRSA:

So, what do we have?

PATHOLOGIST:

Not even a good morning, Yrsa?

YRSA:

The shadows under your eyes and cemetery-grey of your skin tell me that you went out with the pathology team last night. So probably not a good morning for you. But it's hardly one for this poor man and he's the reason we're out in the middle of nowhere. So let's get on with it, shall we?

PATHOLOGIST:

(SIGHS) Okay, okay. Male in his thirties. Well-nourished. Found face down in the river by a hiker this morning. The hiker's around here somewhere. He's... unusual.

YRSA:

Let's take a look at the body.

FX: TARPAULIN REMOVED. YRSA KNEELS DOWN IN THE SNOW. UNDER THE BELOW, FROM A LITTLE WAY OFF, THE DOCTOR WALKS TOWARDS THEM, CRUNCHING THROUGH SNOW.

YRSA:

(SICKENED) Oh. (SWALLOWS AUDIBLY. BREATHES OUT. TRYING TO REMAIN PROFESSIONAL) Do you know when—

PATHOLOGIST:

Time of death as yet unknown, as is cause, although having a head encased in ice will do the trick. (LAUGHS)

YRSA:

Some respect, please.

PATHOLOGIST:

Sorry.

YRSA:

It's only his face that's frozen?

PATHOLOGIST:

Yes. The rest of his body is cold, consistent with the temperature of the river and recent snowfall, but not covered in ice. I've sent samples off for expedited testing. (BEAT) It reminds me of a case from a couple of years back, before my time. (TRYING TO RECALL) A man with a frozen face [found—]

YRSA:

(INTERRUPTING) My father was discovered in the same condition, not far from here. Two years, five months and thirteen days ago.

PATHOLOGIST:

I'm sorry. I should just shut up.

FX: THE DOCTOR WALKS TO STOP, NEXT TO YRSA.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO, TO HIMSELF) Interesting. Very interesting.

YRSA:

Who are you?

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED) Hmm?

PATHOLOGIST:

He's the hiker.

DOCTOR:

And there I was thinking I was the Doctor.

YRSA:

You don't look like any doctor I've ever known.

DOCTOR:

You should get out more. And you are...?

YRSA:

Inspector Yrsa Kristjansdottir [PRO: KRIST-JANS-DAW-TIER]. You say you found the body?

DOCTOR:

I did. Poor chap.

FX: DOCTOR KNEELS DOWN.

DOCTOR:

From the formation of the crystals it looks like he's been hit with an ice blaster. A mark three ice phaser, I'd say — and as I'm the one saying it, I'm probably right.

YRSA:

Who did you say you were? A doctor of some kind?

DOCTOR:

The Doctor. One who can't stand around exchanging niceties with the local constabulary.

FX: HUNTER'S HORN SOUNDS FROM DEEP IN THE FOREST, FAR AWAY.

YRSA:

What was that...?

DOCTOR:

My cue. Good day.

FX: DOCTOR STRIDES AWAY, NEVER STOPPING.

YRSA:

Wait! I've got questions for you.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK TO HER) Questions, Inspector, are best asked on the move.

YRSA:

Where are you going?

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) Where all the best mysteries live. The forest!

FX: YRSA HURRIES AFTER HIM.

4. EXT. FOREST [SHORT WHILE LATER]

FX: FADE UP — DOCTOR AND YRSA TRAIPSE OVER SNOW-COVERED UNDERGROWTH. WIND THROUGH OVERHANGING TREES.

DOCTOR:

I know it's around here somewhere. (CALLS OUT) Come out, come out, wherever you are.

YRSA:

What are you looking for?

DOCTOR:

The owner of these footprints. They lead from the body straight into the forest.

YRSA:

Do you think I hadn't noticed?

DOCTOR:

I hadn't really thought about it.

FX: YRSA STOPS, STEPS INTO ONE OF THE HUNTER'S PRINTS.

YRSA:

You can fit at least three of my feet into one of the prints.

DOCTOR:

You know what they say — large feet, large vestigium.

YRSA:

Paw prints all around. Whoever it is, they come with a menagerie.

FX: BAYING OF MANY WOLVES IN DISTANCE.

DOCTOR:

A pack, in fact. Now, if I were a twelve-foot-high biped with a dog entourage, where would I be hiding...?

YRSA:

Twelve feet high?!

DOCTOR:

Yes, judging from stride length. Three point six-six metres if you prefer. Or nine and eighty-zed undles, if you're from the Kralin galaxies. Which, noting your expression, and abject lack of tentacles, you are not.

YRSA:

You're not making sense.

DOCTOR:

You have a body with a frozen face and a suspect with a non-human stride length, and you think I'm not making sense?

YRSA:

(SINCERE) Non-human? You don't think it could be (BEAT)
(WHISPERS) Hidden Folk?

DOCTOR:

Well, I've never known (WHISPERS) Hidden Folk (RETURNS TO USUAL VOLUME) to be violent to humans. Elves can be tricky, but they're not inclined to deep-freeze cerebra for kicks. And trolls are a dream to deal with. Never turn up to a troll dinner party empty-handed, though. They don't like it.

YRSA:

Are you saying these things to annoy me?

DOCTOR:

No. It's interesting how the people of your country embrace the concept of Hidden Folk, but are entirely sceptical regarding the existence of alien [life.]

FX: TWIG SNAPS NEARBY.

YRSA:

Did you hear that?

FX: OFF, FRIDA TAKES FRIGHT — STUMBLING OFF THROUGH THE TREES. TWIGS BREAK, BUSHES RUSTLE. FAR AWAY, WOLVES RUN AND HOWL.

YRSA:

(URGENT) Over there! There's someone in the trees!

DOCTOR:

Well, come on, then —

FX: THE DOCTOR AND YRSA RUN AFTER FRIDA.

YRSA:

It's a good job we're the ones chasing.

DOCTOR:

Why?

YRSA:

(SLIGHTLY BREATHLESS FROM RUNNING) You're not exactly in camouflage.

DOCTOR:

(SLIGHTLY BREATHLESS FROM RUNNING) I'll have you know that on the patchwork planet of Algernon, I can blend in with any surroundings.

YRSA:

(SLIGHTLY OUT OF BREATH) Until it snows.

FX: NEAR DISTANCE, FRIDA TRIPS AND FALLS.

FRIDA: (OFF)

(CRIES OUT IN PAIN AS LANDING ON GROUND) Ahh!!!

FX: THE DOCTOR AND YRSA REACH HER AND STOP. FRIDA TRIES TO SCRAMBLE AWAY.

FRIDA:

(WHIMPERING IN PAIN) Please, don't hurt me.

DOCTOR:

(GENTLE) We're here to help. Now, why don't you get your breath back?

FX: FRIDA SHUFFLES BACK, LEANS AGAINST CRACKING BARK OF TREE.

YRSA:

I can't hear the wolves any more.

DOCTOR:

You're right. Of course – sometimes that means they're about to pounce.

5. INT. HUNTER'S CABIN/SPACESHIP

FX: WOODEN DOOR SLAMS. HUNTER SHAKES WOODEN FLOORBOARDS AS HE STRIDES ACROSS LARGE CABIN. SIX HUGE WOLVES FOLLOW HIM, METAL CLAWS CLATTERING ON THE FLOOR. THEY WHINE IN HUNGER. THE HUNTER'S VOICE IS DEEP FILTERED THROUGHOUT WITH A METALLIC TONE.

HUNTER:

(SHOUTING) Silence!

FX: WOLVES STOP WHINING. A FEW WHIMPER IN SUBMISSION.

HUNTER:

Shut up, or I'll be wearing your skins over mine.

FX: THE WOLVES QUIETEN. HUNTER PRESSES BLEEPING BUTTON. SOUND OF A TABLETOP CONTROL-BOARD REVOLVING. HE FLIPS A SWITCH. QUICKLY PRESSES BUTTONS. DIAL TONE.

HELLION ROBOT RECEPTIONIST:

(D) Thank you for using the Hellion VIP customer care line. Please state your chosen customer code word after the tone.

FX: BRIEF PAUSE, THEN LONG TONE. TONE STOPS.

HUNTER:

Trophy.

HELLION ROBOT RECEPTIONIST:

(D) Thank you. Your voice has been identified and your code word verified. How may we help you today?

HUNTER:

My hunt in the Earth Far North district was disrupted. Local law enforcement is crawling all over the reserve. I paid for privacy. I was told that all red tape would be dealt with.

HELLION ROBOT RECEPTIONIST:

(D) I am so very sorry to hear this. Please accept Hellion's apologies. You will, of course, receive a compensatory death with our compliments.

HUNTER:

When can I resume the hunt?

HELLION ROBOT RECEPTIONIST:

(D) Normal service will be restored as soon as possible. (BLITHE REPEAT OF COMPANY STRAP LINE) Hellion removes all obstacles to the kill. Good hunting.

FX: LINE GOES DEAD. DIAL TONE.

6. EXT. FOREST

FX: WIND THROUGH THICK TREES. YRSA PACING ON SNOW-COVERED FOREST FLOOR.

FRIDA:

(SIPS FROM A THERMOS)

YRSA:

Feeling better?

FRIDA:

(FRAIL SOUNDING) I've stopped shaking, at least. Thanks for the tea.

DOCTOR:

My pleasure.

FX: PUTS THE LID BACK ON, REPLACES THE THERMOS FLASK IN HIS POCKET.

DOCTOR:

Always carry a vacuum flask in the Arctic Circle.

YRSA:

Why don't you start with telling me who you are and why you're here?

FRIDA:

My name is Frida Bjornsdottir [PRO: BE-YAWNS-DAW-TIER]. I don't know how I got here. Last thing I remember I was at home, in bed, and then I woke up in the forest. A huge man in a cloak and hood emerged from the trees. He sounded a horn and these enormous wolves came for me. I started running and didn't stop.

DOCTOR:

And where did this 'man' go?

YRSA:

I'll ask the questions, thank you? (TO FRIDA) Did you see where he went?

FRIDA:

No, I didn't dare look back. But I could hear him, shouting at his dogs, laughing at me, screaming at me to run. (BREAKS DOWN CRYING) It was like I'd woken up in the middle of a nightmare.

YRSA:

We need to get you to the station for medical attention and to interview you properly. Do you think you can walk?

FX: FRIDA TRIES TO STAND.

FRIDA:

Just about.

DOCTOR:

Take my arm.

FX: FRIDA TAKES A FEW FALTERING STEPS ALONGSIDE THE DOCTOR'S SURE ONES.

DOCTOR:

That's it, easy does it. I'll help you to Inspector Yrsa's car then be on my way.

YRSA:

Oh, you're coming with us, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Me?

YRSA:

You don't think I'd let a suspect go, do you?

DOCTOR:

Suspect?! Preposterous. I reported the crime!

YRSA:

It is not unknown for certain types of criminals to draw attention to themselves.

DOCTOR:

I've never drawn attention to myself in this life, or any other!

YRSA:

(DOUBTING HIS WORDS) Hmm.

DOCTOR:

I shall, however, come with you. Never let it be said that I don't co-operate. (BEAT) Sometimes.

MUSIC: SEGUE TO SHOW TIME PASSING.

7. INT. RECEPTION AREA, REYKJAVIC POLICE STATION

FX: RECEPTION SOUNDS: INCOMING EMAILS, TAPPING ON A KEYBOARD, TERSE CLOCK, PRINTER WHIRRING BUT NOT PRINTING. FAR OFF IN THE BUILDING, A CELL DOOR SLAMS. KEYBOARD TAPPING STOPS. REPLACED BY RUSTLING IN A BAG — A FLAKY DOUGHNUT PULLED OUT AND BIT INTO. MAIN DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

After you, Frida, Inspector.

FX: FRIDA, YRSA AND THE DOCTOR ENTER CROSS THE FLOOR TO THE DESK. FOOTSTEPS ECHO OFF LINOLEUM AND BLANK WALLS.

DOCTOR:

Ah, police stations. Wherever you go in the universe they're exactly the same. The sound of cell doors slamming. The smell of bleach and bureaucracy. The sight of a constable demolishing doughnuts at their desk.

CONSTABLE:

(MOUTH FULL) I've only had one!

YRSA:

Been apprehended many times, have you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

You'd be surprised.

YRSA:

I wouldn't count on that.

DOCTOR:

I count on nothing but fingers and abaci.

YRSA:

Do you always have to have the last word?

DOCTOR:

Not at all.

YRSA:

Good, then let's-

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) But it is so very satisfying.

FRIDA:

(FRIGHTENED BY SURROUNDINGS) Will we be here long?

YRSA:

(KINDLY) I will interview you both as soon as I can. The Constable here will get you more tea or coffee.

CONSTABLE:

Be glad to.

FRIDA:

(SOUNDING BROKEN) I just want to go home.

CONSTABLE:

(SWALLOWING LAST BIT OF DOUGHNUT) Say the word if you change your mind. (BEAT) (TO YRSA) Guv, I've got the files on your father that you requested, if I can get the printer to work. If it's not careful, it'll end up in the basement with the rest of the rubbish.

FX: PRINTER GIVES A FRIGHTENED CHIRRUP. CONSTABLE THUMPS PRINTER.

CONSTABLE:

And the Chief Inspector wants to see you in her office, soon as you can. (QUIET) She's in a bad mood.

YRSA:

She always is, now. She never used to be when I was a child.

CONSTABLE:

You knew her as a child?

YRSA:

She was a friend of my father's. — Ms Bjornsdottir: wait here, please. And, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes?

YRSA:

Don't go anywhere.

FX: YRSA WALKS BRISKLY TO THE BACK OF THE RECEPTION AREA. OPENS A DOOR UNDER THE BELOW. CLOSES IT FIRMLY BEHIND. PRINTER GIVES A CONSTIPATED SOUND AS IF TRYING TO WORK.

CONSTABLE:

(UNDER BREATH) What's wrong with you?

FX: THUMPS PRINTER.

DOCTOR:

Printer trouble, is it, Constable?

CONSTABLE:

Yes. — Why, do you know how to fix it?

DOCTOR

Well, that depends.

CONSTABLE:

On what?

DOCTOR:

On whether or not you brought enough doughnuts to share.

8. INT. DCI INGRID'S OFFICE

FX: METAL FILING CABINET SHUNTED SHUT. INGRID WALKS A FEW STEPS TO HER DESK, SITS DOWN. SHUFFLES WHEELY CHAIR UNDER DESK. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

INGRID:

Enter.

FX: YRSA OPENS DOOR.

YRSA:

You wanted to see me, Ma'am?

INGRID:

Yes, come in, Yrsa. Sit down.

FX: YRSA DRAGS A CHAIR TOWARDS INGRID'S DESK. SITS DOWN.

INGRID:

You're investigating a suspicious death-

YRSA:

Identical to my father's murder. Yes.

INGRID:

Yrsa. I cannot deny there would seem to be some superficial similarities to your father's case, [but]

YRSA:

(IN DISBELIEF) 'Superficial similarities'?

INGRID:

Initial tests suggest that despite being found in a fresh water river, saline was found frozen to the victim's face.

YRSA:

Tears, Ingrid! My father died with his own tears frozen to his face! And this man did too!

INGRID:

I'd advise you to calm down, Inspector.

YRSA:

This could help me find my father's killer. Your friend's killer. Don't you want that?

INGRID:

A prejudicial attitude will compromise the investigation. Carry on like this and I will have no choice but to pull you from the case.

YRSA:

Yes, D.C.I. Jonsdottir [PRO: JONS-DAW-TIER], I hear you. I'll go and question my witnesses while remaining calm. Very calm.

FX: YRSA STANDS UP, CHAIR SCRAPES AGAINST FLOOR.

YRSA:

Calm as a frozen murder victim.

INGRID:

(WARNING) Yrsa...

FX: YRSA STRIDES TO THE DOOR. OPENS IT, STRIDES OUT, SLAMS DOOR BEHIND. INGRID PICKS UP PHONE, PRESSES BUTTON.

INGRID:

Get me Sigdor [PRO: SIG-DAW], now. (PAUSES WHILE LISTENING TO AN EXCUSE) Then tell him to call me as soon as he can. Tell him Hellion is in danger.

9. INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

FX: TAPE RECORDER BUTTON DEPRESSED. WHIRRING OF RECORDING EQUIPMENT.

YRSA:

(TERSELY) This interview is being conducted by Inspector Yrsa Kristjansdottir. For the benefit of the tape, please state your name and occupation.

FRIDA:

Frida Ragnarsdottir [PRO: RAG-NARS-DAW-TIER]. I'm an environmental activist. I look after the interest of trolls. And elves, of course.

YRSA:

Of course.

FRIDA:

But mainly the trolls.

YRSA:

Someone has to. (BEAT) (CURIOUS) Have you ever seen one?

FRIDA:

Not exactly. I nearly did, once, but it turned into a rock when I got near. I think. Why?

YRSA:

I'd love to see one. I know every Icelander would, but it would mean a lot to me. And the Doctor said... (PAUSE) Never mind. (BEAT) What were you doing in the forest?

FRIDA:

I've told you, I don't know. One minute I was eating my oatmeal, the next I was in the forest, being chased.

YRSA:

We'll check your home for signs of kidnap and get your blood tested as soon as we're finished here. See if you've been drugged. Were you injured in any way?

FRIDA:

I feel a bit sore, but then I fell over. I know the forest well but not well enough to avoid a tree stump while running at full pelt.

YRSA:

Wait, how come you know the forest?

FRIDA:

Planning permission has been sought for a new development in the area. I've been trying to locate troll dwellings so we can block it.

YRSA:

You think you can?

FRIDA:

(WITH PRIDE) Last year I managed to force a road to go the long way round a lava field, just to avoid an elf colony. Year before that I stopped the construction of a swimming pool as the Huldufolk [PRO: HIL-DE-FAWLK] objected. If anyone can make Hellion withdraw the -

YRSA:

(INTERRUPTING, SUDDEN RECOLLECTION) Hellion. Where have I heard that before?

FRIDA:

(SHRUGGING) They're just building contractors.

FX: YRSA STANDS UP.

YRSA:

Interview terminated at (BEAT) eleven fifty-six A.M. To be resumed later in the day.

FX: YRSA STOPS THE TAPE, STRIDES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.

FRIDA:

What's happening? Where are we going?

YRSA:

You're not going anywhere. I'll send the doctor to get you in a minute.

FRIDA:

The Doctor? The man with the tea and the trousers?

YRSA:

Not that Doctor. I don't think medicine is his field. I don't even know what his field is. Trouble, I suspect. Yes, I think he's a world class expert in trouble.

FX: DOOR CLOSES.

10. INT. RECEPTION

FX: PRINTER CHUNTERING AWAY, CHURNING OUT PAGES VERY QUICKLY. INCOMING EMAIL. TERSE CLOCK.

DOCTOR:

There you go. It's printing perfectly. Make sure you talk to it nicely next time, Constable. I'm afraid you hurt its feelings rather badly.

CONSTABLE:

(UTTERLY BAFFLED) I have no idea what to say to that.

DOCTOR:

An old-fashioned apology usually does the trick, I find.

CONSTABLE:

I'm sorry?

FX: PRINTER GIVES AN EXTRA LOUD WHIRR, STOPS PRINTING. UNDER THE BELOW, CONSTABLE COLLECTS PAGES TOGETHER, STAPLES THEM AND SLIPS THEM INTO A FOLDER. PLACES THE FOLDER ON THE DESK.

DOCTOR:

It forgives you. And in the spirit of reconciliation, invites you to its concert this evening.

CONSTABLE:

Concert?

DOCTOR:

I've rejigged its parameters and it can now sing in fifteen different languages.

MUSIC/FX: THE PRINTER TRILLS A FEW NOTES.

DOCTOR:

I do so enjoy making dreams come true.

FX: UNDER THE BELOW, YRSA'S QUICK, CLIPPED FOOTSTEPS DOWN CONNECTING CORRIDOR TOWARDS RECEPTION.

CONSTABLE:

Right. I, er, look forward to it.

FX: PRINTER GIVES A MUSICAL BLEEP OF EXCITEMENT.

DOCTOR:

You could understand it too, you know. It's simply a case of listening.

FX: YRSA STRIDES INTO RECEPTION. PICKS UP THE FILE FROM THE DESK.

YRSA:

Is this file for me?

CONSTABLE:

Yes, Guv. It's all there. The Doctor got the printer working again. And singing.

YRSA:

He what? (BEAT) Never mind. Tell Ingr- (STOPS) Tell the D.C.I. I'm off out.

CONSTABLE:

Where?

YRSA:

Make something up.

FX: WALKS TOWARDS DOOR. THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE DESK AND FOLLOWS.

YRSA:

Where do you think you're going?

DOCTOR:

With you, of course.

YRSA:

You're staying here, out of trouble.

FX: THE PRINTER 'SINGS' A MELODIC, JUDDERING, MELODIC MELODY.

CONSTABLE:

See, it's singing!

YRSA:

You can't even be left in a police station without meddling.

DOCTOR:

If it makes it any easier, I've looked through the files on your father's case, and think I can help.

YRSA:

When?

DOCTOR:

Between fixing the printer and teaching the Constable here to juggle Icelandic doughnuts. What did you call them? Kleinur, that's it. [PRO: KLAY-NURR]

FX: THE SOUND OF FLAKY, DIAMOND SHAPED DOUGHNUTS JUGGLED BY THE CONSTABLE BEHIND THE DESK.

CONSTABLE:

Ta-da! (SLIGHTLY ASHAMED BUT CONCENTRATING HARD) That's still only three though, I start dropping them when I try juggling four.

YRSA:

(DRY AS YOU LIKE) Very impressive. (SIGHS) Alright, Doctor. I'm convinced. I want you where I can see you.

DOCTOR:

I knew you'd see sense.

FX: CONSTABLE STOPS JUGGLING AND TAKES A BITE OF A FLAKY, SLIGHTLY CRISPY KLEINUR.

DOCTOR:

(CALLS BACK) Pleasure to meet you, Constable.

CONSTABLE:

(WITH MOUTH FULL) You too, Doctor.

FX/MUSIC: PRINTER CHUNTERS AND 'SINGS'.

11. INT. DCI INGRID'S OFFICE

FX: INGRID TAPPING ON HER DESK, NERVOUSLY.

INGRID:

(UNDER BREATH) Come on, Sigdur. Ring, you idiot.

FX: OFF, CONSTABLE'S HEAVY FOOTSTEPS. KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

INGRID:

(IMPATIENT) What is it now?

FX: DOOR OPENED.

CONSTABLE:

Sorry to disturb you, Ma'am. D.I. Kristjansdottir wanted me to tell you that she was going out. Following up a lead.

INGRID:

(ABRUPTLY, WORRIED) What lead?

CONSTABLE:

She didn't say.

INGRID:

Of course she didn't.

FX: PHONE RINGS. SHE LIFTS THE RECEIVER ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

INGRID:

(TERSELY) Yes? (CHANGES TONE ABRUPTLY) Thank you for getting back to me, Sigdor.

FX: CONSTABLE SHUFFLES NERVOUSLY.

CONSTABLE:

(STAGE WHISPER) Should I-?

INGRID:

Wait outside, please, Constable.

CONSTABLE:

Yes, Ma'am.

FX: CONSTABLE LEAVES, CLOSING DOOR BEHIND HIM. MOVES A FEW STEPS AWAY OUTSIDE.

INGRID:

Sorry about that. The less people who know about this, the better. You're aware that a body was found within the prohibited zone? Frozen? (PAUSES WHILE LISTENING. THE AUDIENCE CAN'T HEAR BUT SIGDOR IS IRATE AT THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE)

I don't know why anyone was in the area. (PAUSES AGAIN AS HE ASKS MORE QUESTIONS) And I don't know the answer to that, either. It was handed to Yrsa Kristjansdottir, bypassing me completely. (PAUSE WHILE SIGDOR ASKS ABOUT YRSA'S IDENTITY) (SNAPS AT HIM) Yes, of course it's his daughter, the clue is in the name. (BEAT) Sorry, Minister, I'm a bit on edge. (PAUSE WHILE SIGDOR MAKES A DEMAND) Of course. I'll see to it immediately.

FX: HANGS UP.

INGRID:

(TO HERSELF) Now it starts. (CALLING OUT LOUDLY) Come back in, Constable.

FX: CONSTABLE ENTERS.

CONSTABLE:

Did you say something, Ma'am?

INGRID:

I want you to get in touch with Yrsa. Tell her to get back here, now. She's off the case.

12. INT. INSIDE YRSA'S CAR (IN MOTION)

FX: INSIDE YRSA'S ELDERLY CAR AS SHE DRIVES ON THE MOTORWAY. MUFFLED MOTOR RUNNING A LITTLE RAGGEDLY, PASSING CARS.

DOCTOR:

Iceland is one of my favourite places, did you know that?

YRSA:

I only met you this morning.

DOCTOR:

It's beautiful. Minutes out of the city and already we're in a snow-cloaked lava field, with mountains in the distance. A place where the strange and the wonderful, the elf, the troll and the unseen, are not only believed in, but welcomed. Everything and nothing is alien in Iceland.

YRSA:

Glad you approve. Perhaps you'd like to tell me something else I already know?

DOCTOR:

Alright, I shall. We're on the way to an area adjacent to where I found the poor chap this morning. A place that was recently developed by a company your father was investigating. Hellion. An investigation that was stopped by an Environment Minister who crops up with suspicious frequency. Am I close?

YRSA:

(ON THE BACK FOOT) How did you know that?

DOCTOR:

I'm not just sartorial elegance incarnate, you know. (BEAT) I read the files, remember?

YRSA:

I should arrest you for that.

DOCTOR:

Ah, but you won't. You're humouring me for now, in the hope I can help. And I can.

YRSA:

(SIGHS, DECIDING TO TRUST HIM FOR NOW) My father was a Chief Inspector. He was found dead, with tears frozen to his face. There were signs of internal trauma to his brain and freezer burns to his temples. It's still not known what happened, or who was responsible.

DOCTOR:

Well, that's what we're going to find out. I promise.

YRSA:

Don't make promises. My father made a promise once. He said he'd always be there for me.

FX: BEAT SILENCE, THEN YRSA'S MOBILE RINGS WITH A CHIRPY AND ANNOYING TONE. VIBRATES AGAINST DASHBOARD.

DOCTOR:

What an extraordinary cacophony. (PAUSE) Aren't you going to answer that?

YRSA:

I'm busy. And the Bluetooth function doesn't work.

DOCTOR:

I can fix that for you, you know.

YRSA:

Maybe later.

FX: PHONE CONTINUES TO RING.

YRSA:

Can you answer it?

DOCTOR:

Is my name 'the secretary'? No, it's the Doctor.

FX: PHONE CONTINUES TO RING ANNOYINGLY, SLIDING ACROSS THE DASHBOARD.

DOCTOR:

I don't know, a civilisation that gives birth to Mozart and Sowande [PRO: SOW-AHND], Bjork and David Bowie and yet comes up with this for their 'mobiles'. (PAUSE) Fine. I'll answer it. But only to stop that awful noise.

FX: DOCTOR PICKS UP PHONE FROM DASHBOARD.

YRSA:

Put it on speakerphone.

DOCTOR:

I most certainly shall not. Telephonic conversations should be intimate, two voices meeting when their faces cannot. It is not for public consumption.

FX: PRESSES BUTTON AND THE PHONE STOPS RINGING.

DOCTOR:

This is the Doctor. You may now speak. (PAUSE TO LISTEN TO THE CONSTABLE). Why hello, Constable! It seems only seventeen minutes, fifteen seconds and ten fractions of a partition wall of a second since we last met. (COVERS PHONE WITH HAND; STAGE WHISPER TO YRSA) It's the constable.

YRSA:

Yes, I got that.

DOCTOR:

(REMOVES HAND FROM PHONE) How can I help you, Constable? (PAUSES WHILE LISTENING) Yes, I received every word and understand completely. Would you hold the line for a moment? (COVERS PHONE WITH HAND; STAGE WHISPER TO YRSA) Yrsa, the—

YRSA:

You could just put it on silent, you know, you don't need to cover it with your hand.

DOCTOR:

But where's the drama in that? (BEAT) The splendid Constable with the singing printer informs me that you have been removed from the case and are to return to the station with all due haste.

YRSA:

It's a shame I never got the message.

DOCTOR:

Isn't it? (REMOVES HAND FROM PHONE) Terribly sorry, Constable. Can't seem to find the Inspector anywhere. (PAUSE TO LISTEN TO CONSTABLE) Well, yes, I'm in her car, and therefore you'd think she'd be mere inches away and yet no. Neither a glimpse nor a whisper of an Inspector Yrsa. Most peculiar. (PAUSE WHILE LISTENING TO CONSTABLE ASKING THAT HE PASS THE MESSAGE ON) Be assured that she shall be fully conversant with the facts as soon as she presents herself. Good day.

FX: DOCTOR HANGS UP. OPENS THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, THROWS THE PHONE INSIDE, CLOSES IT.

DOCTOR:

Now why do they want you off the case, do you think?

YRSA:

Because I'm close to finding out something I shouldn't?

DOCTOR:

Exactly. Forbidden knowledge — that most tempting of fruit. I can't wait to taste it.

YRSA:

We're not going to have much time before they catch up with us.

DOCTOR:

Fortunately, time is something I know a little about. Ah! — I do believe that's our turning, Inspector.

FX: FADE.

13. EXT. HELLION LAND: OUTSIDE GAME RESERVE

FX: FADE UP. CAR DOORS CLOSING. DOCTOR AND YRSA WALK TOWARDS US THROUGH THICK, DRIFTS OF SNOW. RUSTLE OF A MAP BEING OPENED. WIND WHISTLING. IN THE DISTANCE, A WOLF HOWLS.

NB: VOICES PITCHED UP OVER WIND UNTIL INDICATED.

YRSA:

According to the map, this is the edge of the private land.

FX: DOCTOR WALKS UP TO A METAL FENCE.

DOCTOR:

And beyond the fence lies Hellion.

FX: FAINT ELECTRICAL HUM. DOCTOR SHAKES FENCE; IT RATTLES. FAINT CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY.

DOCTOR:

(REACTS TO SMALL ELECTRIC SHOCK) Ooh, that tickles. Whatever they want the land for, they're not building on it. Lakes and geysers and fields... but only one cabin, over there, beyond the trees.

FX: YRSA WALKS TOWARDS THE FENCE TOO.

DOCTOR:

No, don't touch the fence! The voltage would stop your heart.

YRSA:

(OFFENDED) But not yours?

DOCTOR:

Ah, but there I have an advantage. I have two.

YRSA:

Two hearts?!

DOCTOR:

You've got two eyes, haven't you? Two legs?

YRSA:

Yes, but —

DOCTOR:

Both bring balance. I don't know how you humans get by with just the one heart. No wonder you're often out of kilter.

YRSA:

I never know when you are telling the truth or playing with me.

DOCTOR:

Another advantage to add to my pile. (BEAT)

YRSA:

So how are we going to get in?

DOCTOR:

Good question.

FX: THE DOCTOR CRUNCHES ALONG THE FENCE LINE. THE WIND DROPS.

NB: VOICES NO LONGER PITCHED UP.

DOCTOR:

The fence seems secure. Short enough to climb over if I can turn off the electricity. Even I might not survive scrambling over it.

FX: IN DISTANCE, A WOLF HOWLS. ANOTHER WOLF ANSWERS. OTHERS JOIN IN. THE PACK OF WOLVES START RUNNING TOWARDS THE DOCTOR AND YRSA.

YRSA:

Can you hear that?

DOCTOR:

I was hoping it was just me.

YRSA:

There, see? Through the fence. Wolves!

FX: WOLVES GAIN GROUND VERY QUICKLY. WE CAN HEAR THEIR METAL CLAWS SCRAPING AGAINST THE GROUND, METAL TEETH GNASHING.

DOCTOR:

Look again, Inspector. Wolves with metal teeth and claws.

YRSA:

That's impossible!

FX: GNASHING GETS LOUDER AS THE WOLVES GET CLOSE TO THE FENCE.

DOCTOR:

Plainly not. I suggest we turn and, at your earliest possible convenience, run.

FX: THE DOCTOR AND YRSA TURN AND START TO RUN.

YRSA:

(RUNNING) You said that the fence looked secure.

FX: WOLVES VERY CLOSE TO THE FENCE NOW, SNARLING, GNASHING, BARKING.

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) And it does. Only problem is, I also said it was short enough to climb over. Or -

FX: WOLVES LEAP, MOST SOARING OVER THE FENCE, SOME CLASHING WITH IT, AURAL SPARKS AS METAL TEETH MEET ELECTRICITY SOURCE. THE SLIGHT HUM OF ELECTRICITY SNAPS OFF.

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) -if you're a huge alien canid, jump over. Quickly! Get to the car.

FX: DOCTOR AND YRSA RUN FASTER. WOLVES LAND AND SPRINT AFTER THEM, BARKING, GNASHING, SNARLING.

YRSA:

(RUNNING) They're too fast. We're not going to make it!

FX: WOLVES JUST BEHIND THEM. GNASHING TEETH.

YRSA & DOCTOR:

(CRY OUT, LEAPED ON BY WOLVES) Aaaah!!!

FX: BOTH THE DOCTOR AND YRSA CRASH TO THE SNOW-COVERED GROUND. SOUND OF METAL JAWS OPENING AND CLOSING. TRIUMPHANT HOWLING.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE

DOCTOR:

[...] Quickly! Get to the car.

FX: DOCTOR AND YRSA RUN FASTER. WOLVES LAND AND SPRINT AFTER THEM, BARKING, GNASHING, SNARLING.

YRSA:

(RUNNING) They're too fast. We're not going to make it!

FX: WOLVES JUST BEHIND THEM. GNASHING TEETH.

YRSA & DOCTOR:

(CRY OUT, LEAPED ON BY WOLVES) Aaaah!!!

FX: BOTH THE DOCTOR AND YRSA CRASH TO THE SNOW-COVERED GROUND. SOUND OF METAL JAWS OPENING AND CLOSING. TRIUMPHANT HOWLING.

CONTINUES INTO...

14. EXT. HELLION LAND: OUTSIDE GAME RESERVE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: WOLF TEARS AT YRSA'S COAT.

YRSA:

(STRUGGLING WITH SNARLING WOLF) I can't hold it off! Doctor, help me! Do something!

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING WITH WOLF, REACHING INSIDE LAPEL POCKET) I am doing something, if only I can - (PRODUCES DEVICE) Got it!!

FX: SWITCHES ON DEVICE. LOW BUZZING HUM.

YRSA:

A radio?! Who's going to hear a radio?!

DOCTOR:

It's not a radio. Well, not like you think. (SPEAKING INTO DEVICE) "Greetings, cybernetic lupine friends."

FX: SERIES OF BARKS, GROWLS AND HOWLS EMERGES FROM THE DEVICE, TRANSLATING THE DOCTOR'S WORDS.

FX: WOLVES HESITATE, AS IF PRICKING UP EARS.

YRSA:

They're listening...!

DOCTOR:

Indeed. (INTO DEVICE) "We dearly wish for you to refrain from attacking us, and to permit us to pet your metal heads."

FX: ANOTHER SERIES OF BARKS, GROWLS AND HOWLS FROM DEVICE. EXCITED WHINING, PANTING AND YIPPING IN RESPONSE.

DOCTOR:

Go on, Yrsa. Pet them.

YRSA:

This is insane -

FX: A METAL TONGUE LICKING FLESH.

DOCTOR:

(GETTING TO FEET) Yes, yes, I know. You don't have to lick me though.

YRSA:

(GETTING TO FEET) What just happened?

FX: DOCTOR TAPS THE TRANSLATOR DEVICE.

DOCTOR:

Translator. Collected it from the TARDIS when I saw the wolf tracks. Very handy device. Barking is so harsh on the throat.

YRSA:

(IN DISBELIEF) And it worked. It actually worked...

DOCTOR:

It also helps to wag your tail to show you mean no harm.

YRSA:

I'll try to remember that. (BEAT) What's the 'TARDIS'?

DOCTOR:

My time and space conveyance.

YRSA:

(BEWILDERED) Of course.

FX: A WOLF ROLLS AROUND ON HIS BACK IN THE SNOW.

DOCTOR:

Look at him showing me his belly. (TO THE WOLF) Who's a beautiful alien wolf then? You are, that's who.

FX: UNDER THE ABOVE, SOUNDS OF THE DOCTOR SCRITCHING THE WOLF'S TUMMY.

DOCTOR:

I had a metal dog once.

YRSA:

Oh, come on.

DOCTOR:

I did! The full works, not just metal teeth and claws.

YRSA:

The more I know about you, the less I know about the world. About anything.

FX: DOCTOR TURNS THE DEVICE ON AGAIN. SLIGHT BUZZING.

DOCTOR:

(SPEAKING INTO DEVICE) Who brought you here?

FX: TRANSLATOR DEVICE EMITS BARKS. A WOLF GROWLS AND BARKS BACK IN SHORT BURSTS OF ANSWER.

DOCTOR:

(TO YRSA) My friend here says that they belong to 'the hooded one', 'the hunter'.

YRSA:

The man who chased Frida! (INTO DEVICE) Where can we find this hooded hunter?

FX: THE DEVICE BARKS. WOLF GIVES A COUPLE OF BRIEF BARKS BACK.

DOCTOR:

'He lives in the cabin, surrounded by the pack.' (INTO DEVICE) Thank you.

FX: THE MACHINE BARKS. A WOLF BARKS ONCE.

DOCTOR:

He says, 'You're welcome.' And apologises for the rips in your coat.

YRSA:

You talk to printers and wolves. You have two hearts. (BEAT) Who are you exactly?

DOCTOR:

What you really should be asking is how we get through this fence.

FX: MACHINE YIPS. WOLF BARKS IN RESPONSE.

DOCTOR:

There's a gap east of here. Thank you.

YRSA:

You really want to get in there, knowing that more trouble is waiting?

DOCTOR:

Most certainly. You do too, don't you?

YRSA:

Definitely. Come on!

FX: YRSA AND THE DOCTOR WALK ON. THE WOLVES FOLLOW, SEVERAL HOWLING. CROSS TO —

15. EXT. OUTSIDE/INSIDE GAME RESERVE [SHORT TIME LATER]

FX: DOCTOR AND YRSA WALKING, FOLLOWED BY THE PACK OF METAL-CLAWED WOLVES. THEY COME TO A STOP.

YRSA:

(TIRED FROM WALKING SO FAR) Here's that gap. Not very big, though. I don't know if we'll be able to get through without electrocuting ourselves.

DOCTOR:

Can't you hear it, Yrsa? Or rather – can't you not hear it?

YRSA:

You've lost me.

DOCTOR:

The absence of hum. The song of electrical things is missing. Our furry and ferrous amigos have done us another favour. One of them must have connected with the wire and accidentally short-circuited it.

FX: DOCTOR SHAKES FENCE AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

See? Not even a tingle.

YRSA:

Then we walked all this way for no reason?

DOCTOR:

There's barbed wire along the top. Your coat may be torn already, but I didn't want to risk tearing mine. (BEAT) Follow me.

FX: DOCTOR TAKES A FEW STEPS.

YRSA:

Wait. Who's the detective here? You should be following me.

FX: THE DOCTOR STEPS BACK.

DOCTOR:

Very well. After you.

FX: YRSA SIDLES THROUGH GAP IN FENCE, METAL TWANGING AS SHE BRUSHES IT. THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS. WOLVES BOUND THROUGH AFTER THEM, BARKING JOYOUSLY, THEN SPRINT OFF.

YRSA:

They're leading us to the cabin, aren't they?

DOCTOR:

And you thought you didn't talk dog.

CROSS TO:

16. EXT. OUTSIDE HUNTER'S CABIN

FX: WOLVES RUNNING PAST FROM RIGHT TO LEFT. A WAY BEHIND, YRSA AND THE DOCTOR TRUDGING THROUGH DEEPER SNOW. WOLVES STOP BY THE CABIN, CLAWS CLATTERING ON WOODEN VERANDA. JUST OFF, THE BUBBLING OF HOT SPRINGS. A GEYSER EXPLODES NEARBY, SENDING HOT WATER INTO THE AIR AND RAINING, SIZZLING, DOWN ONTO THE SNOW. THE DOCTOR AND YRSA APPROACH AND STOP BY US.

DOCTOR:

I've never been welcomed by geyser before. I rather like it. I shall henceforth demand one at all formal Time Lord occasions.

YRSA:

My dad would take me to the hot springs in the middle of winter. (BEAT) Just over there. It used to be a national park - anyone could come. It's supposed to be good for your skin.

DOCTOR:

Depends on your skin. (BEAT) I suppose you want me to follow you into the cabin, don't you? You being the detective, after all?

YRSA:

If you can bear it.

DOCTOR:

I can bear everything but boredom, Inspector.

YRSA:

Something tells me you won't be bored. Stick close to me. We don't know what's inside.

DOCTOR:

I know. Exciting, isn't it?

FX: YRSA AND THE DOCTOR CLIMB WOODEN STEPS TO VERANDA. YRSA TRIES DOOR HANDLE. DOOR OPENS. WOLF PACK SKITTERS INSIDE.

CUT TO:

17. INT. INSIDE HUNTER'S CABIN [CONTINUOUS]

FX: WOLF PACK RUSHES INTO CABIN. SOME LAP FRANTICALLY AT THE OIL PROVIDED IN BOWLS, PUSHING BOWLS ACROSS WOODEN FLOOR AS THEY DRINK.

DOCTOR:

That's it! Drink your... oil, or whatever. Good dogs.

FX: YRSA OPENS BEDROOM DOOR, OFF, WHILE DOCTOR WALKS CAUTIOUSLY ACROSS. LOW BLEEPING FROM A CONSOLE/CONTROL UNIT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

YRSA:

(OFF) What is this place?

DOCTOR:

Fireplace, guns, animal skins on the wall...

FX: PICKS UP METAL SKINNING IMPLEMENT FROM TABLE.

DOCTOR:

Tools to skin things with, urgh. (FX: DROPS IT) A hunting lodge, I presume.

YRSA:

(RETURNING FROM OFF) Bedroom's clear. Apart from the big bearskin on the bed. I'm not sure it's legal.

DOCTOR:

The head on the wall here isn't, that's for sure.

YRSA:

What h- (SEEING) Oh my life. What even is that?

FX: DOCTOR WALKS UP TO THE TAXIDERMY. STROKES ITS FUR.

DOCTOR:

You wouldn't have encountered it, not unless you've been to the Birkin system during crystal season. It's a Giant Melanoviripede. Very rare, very gentle, very clever. Not clever enough to stay away from whoever did this to him. Poor fellow. (BEAT) And what do we have here?

YRSA:

Trophy cabinet?

FX: DOCTOR WALKS A FEW STEPS TO CABINET ON THE WALL. HE OPENS IT, DOORS CREAKING SLIGHTLY. YRSA WALKS OVER TO JOIN HIM.

DOCTOR:

Now that is odd.

YRSA:

It's just a screen.

DOCTOR:

Things are rarely 'just' anything. It's a touch screen.

YRSA:

OK —

FX: YRSA TOUCHES SCREEN. A STOLEN MEMORY BEGINS TO PLAY — FUTURISTIC VERSION OF THE WEDDING MARCH, IN A SPACE CATHEDRAL.

YRSA:

A wedding video. Wait — where is that?

DOCTOR:

Nowhere Earthly. Hmm. Is it just me, or is there something odd about the perspective?

YRSA:

Never mind the perspective! The brides are, well, violet!

DOCTOR:

I do love a wedding. (FX: PAUSES VIDEO, SOUND CUTS OUT) As does the owner of this cabin, clearly. (PONDERING) Keeps one on freeze frame.

YRSA:

I've had enough of frozen things. Wait — if the screen works by touch, what's the console underneath for? I've never seen so many buttons—

DOCTOR:

Yes, I wouldn't touch anything, if I were you. We don't want to summon this 'hunter' back prematurely.

YRSA:

I suppose not.

FX: DOCTOR WALKS OVER TO WALL.

DOCTOR:

Now this is interesting. Pride of place above the fireplace.

FX: DOCTOR TAKES A FREEZE GUN OFF ITS METAL BRACKET. TURNS IT OVER. IT MAKES A METALLIC CLINKING WHEN TAPPED.

DOCTOR:

Thermo-regulator. Particle freeze accelerator. Yes, this must be it!

YRSA:

Must be what?

DOCTOR:

The murder weapon. Top-of-the-range freeze gun. A blast-phaser that turns any water-based target into ice. Very nasty in the wrong hands. In any hands, really.

YRSA:

And you've just got your fingerprints all over it!

DOCTOR:

Whoops, so I have.

FX: HE PUTS THE ICE BLASTER BACK ON ITS BRACKET. PICKS UP A SMALL METAL ITEM FROM THE MANTELPIECE.

DOCTOR:

Now what would he want with this?

YRSA:

You're going to tell me what that is, I suppose.

FX: TURNS EXTRACTOR OVER.

DOCTOR:

(MUSES) An extractor of some description?

FX: REPLACES IT ON THE SHELF.

DOCTOR:

Now *these* I know all about.

FX: PICKS UP SMALL SPHERE FROM MANTEL.

DOCTOR:

(THROWS SPHERE) Catch.

YRSA:

(CATCHES IT) Come on, then, what am I holding?

DOCTOR:

A bomb.

YRSA:

A bomb.

DOCTOR:

Mexxonian cluster sphere. There's a whole fruit bowl full of them here. Don't worry, it won't do anything unless you pull out the pin.

YRSA:

What happens then?

DOCTOR:

Spikes like a sea urchin's shoot out, attaching it to whatever it makes contact with. So don't throw it unless you don't mind losing a limb or three.

FX: YRSA TAKES A PLASTIC BAG OUT OF HER PACKET WITH ONE HAND, VERY CAREFULLY SLIPS THE TINY METAL BOMB INTO THE BAG. PICKS UP A FEW MORE. DROPS THEM INTO THE BAG.

YRSA:

I'm going to bag these and anything else I can carry as evidence.

DOCTOR:

For the investigation that you're not officially involved in?

YRSA:

That's the one.

FX: MUFFLED SOUNDS OF THE HUNTER'S HEAVY FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE THE CABIN IN THE SNOW. DOGS START TO WHINE IN FEAR.

YRSA:

(SOTTO) Someone's coming.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) We need to hide.

YRSA:

(SOTTO) The bedroom. Hurry!

FX: DOCTOR AND YRSA DASH ACROSS MAIN CABIN ROOM. HUNTER THUMPS UP CABIN STEPS. DOCTOR AND YRSA ENTER THE BEDROOM AND CLOSE THE DOOR JUST BEFORE THE HUNTER STORMS INTO THE CABIN, DOGS BARKING AROUND HIM. HE SLAMS THE MAIN DOOR SHUT. WHOLE CABIN REVERBERATES. WE'RE NOW IN HUNTER'S POV. HE THUNDERS ACROSS THE ROOM, SURROUNDED BY BARKING WOLVES, JUMPING UP AT HIM. FAINT BLEEPING FROM BUTTON ON CONTROL CENTRE.

HUNTER:

Get away, stupid beasts.

FX: HE KICKS AT ONE OF THE WOLVES. HIS METAL BOOT FINDS A SICKENING THUD OF FLESH AND THE WOLF SKITTERS ACROSS THE FLOOR, HOWLING. THE OTHERS QUIETEN.

HUNTER:

Here. Dinner.

FX: HUNTER THROWS MEAT INTO THE BOWLS WITH A THUD. THE PACK GATHERS ROUND THE BOWLS, GROWLING AT EACH OTHER OVER THE SCANT MEAT. HUNTER WALKS OVER TO CONTROL UNIT. PRESSES FLASHING BUTTON. IT STOPS BEEPING. RECORDED VOICE MESSAGE IS HEARD:

HELLION ROBOT RECEPTIONIST:

Dear valued customer. In reference to complaint number four-nine-eight-two, Hellion would like to offer you a free hunt on the planet of Vallinn with our compliments. I believe you initially requested cold environs and Vallinn is our very coldest. Sub-zero-zero. Your prey has already been released. Once the kill has been completed, your hunt on Earth will continue. Extra prey shall be provided for the inconvenience caused. You can be assured that your hunt will be Hellion on Earth. Happy killing!

FX: DIAL TONE. HUNTER PRESSES BUTTON. DIAL TONE STOPS.

CROSS TO —

18. INT. BEDROOM OF HUNTER'S CABIN/SPACESHIP [CONTINUOUS]

FX: YRSA AND THE DOCTOR ARE HUDDLED UNDER THE BEAR SKIN RUG, VOICES MUFFLED. BEDSPRINGS PING.

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) Keep still, would you.

YRSA:

(WHISPERS) Did you catch any of that?

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) Some. It's hard to hear anything when suffocating under a bearskin. But it sounded like he's off to another planet...

YRSA:

Another planet?! How's he going to get there?

FX: RUMBLING STARTS BELOW THEM.

YRSA:

(WHISPERS) What's that?

DOCTOR:

Uh-oh.

YRSA:

I'm going to need a bit more than 'uh-oh'.

DOCTOR:

We need to get out.

YRSA:

Why? He's not going to find us unless he comes in.

FX: ENGINE ROARS BENEATH FLOOR. BLASTERS TURNED ON. DOCTOR THROWS THE BEARSKIN RUG ONTO THE FLOOR, BEDSPRINGS PANG AS BOTH HE AND YRSA SCRAMBLE OFF AND ONTO THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) He's a lot more likely to find us if we're in space with him. In his spaceship.

YRSA:

What?!

FX: RUMBLING GETS LOUDER. DOCTOR AND YRSA CREEP TO DOOR.

DOCTOR:

(WHISPER) When I open the door, I want you to get out of the cabin as fast as you can. I'll get the wolves to help.

YRSA:

(WHISPER) Where are you going to be?

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) Where you like me to be, following. Ready?

YRSA:

(WHISPERS) Ready.

DOCTOR:

Then go!

FX: BEDROOM DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN, INTO...

19. INT. INSIDE HUNTER'S CABIN [CONTINUOUS]

FX: YRSA RUNS TOWARDS DOOR, DOCTOR FOLLOWS. HUNTER STARTS TO MOVE TOWARDS THEM.

HUNTER:

(ROARS WITH FURY) Who are you? What are you doing here?

FX: UNDER ABOVE, DOCTOR TAKES DEVICE OUT OF HIS POCKET AND SWITCHES IT ON.

DOCTOR:

Distract him, please.

FX: DEVICE EMITS URGENT BARKS. WOLVES START BARKING, JUMPING UP AROUND HUNTER.

HUNTER:

(SHOUTING AT THE WOLVES) Get off me, idiotic creatures! Get down!

DOCTOR:

Now, Yrsa. Run!

FX: YRSA OPENS DOOR AND RUNS OUT OF CABIN, FOLLOWED BY DOCTOR.

HUNTER:

(ROARS IN APOPLEXY) Aaaah!

CUT TO:

20. EXT. HUNTER'S CABIN [CONTINUOUS]

FX: IN BACKGROUND, SOUND OF HOT SPRINGS BUBBLING AND A GEYSER GUSHING. YRSA AND THE DOCTOR RUNNING THROUGH SNOW FROM THE CABIN. CABIN/SPACESHIP ENGINE FIRING, READY FOR TAKE-OFF.

DOCTOR:

(RUNS TO STOP) Yrsa – go back to the station, find out what you can about Hellion. Whatever they are, they're not building contractors.

YRSA:

What about the hunter?

DOCTOR:

I'm going after him.

YRSA:

How?

DOCTOR:

I attached a tracker to one of the wolves.

YRSA:

Yes, but he's got a, and I can't believe I'm saying it, a cabin that's a spaceship. (BEAT) Or a spaceship that's a cabin.

FX: OFF, THE CABIN/SPACESHIP FIRES ITS CYLINDERS.

DOCTOR:

Head for the gap in the fence, I'm going the other way.

YRSA:

But Doctor...

DOCTOR:

I'm not going to promise anything, I can promise you that. But you will see me again. Now go!

FX: DOCTOR RUNS IN OPPOSITE DIRECTION. SPACESHIP BLASTS UP, HOVERS, THEN STREAKS INTO THE SKY WITH AN ALMIGHTY BOOM. A BEAT.

YRSA:

Okay. Now I believe it.

FX: FADE.

21. INT. RECEPTION [LATER]

FX: FADE UP. RECEPTION SOUNDS. YRSA BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR.

CONSTABLE:

There you are, Guv! (CONSPIRATORIAL) The Chief isn't happy. She's threatening to suspend you.

YRSA:

Where is she?

CONSTABLE:

In a meeting with someone very important, by the looks of him. Slicked back hair, sharp suit, grin that wouldn't look out of place on a shark.

YRSA:

You don't know who?

CONSTABLE

She did say his name. (BEAT) Can't for the life of me remember it. She ushered him through before I could ask. It looked like she knew him. I've heard them shouting in her office.

YRSA:

Did you catch any of it?

CONSTABLE:

No, but then I had to close the door. (WHISPERS) Their arguing was upsetting the printer. It's very sensitive to discord.

YRSA:

Of course it is. (EQUALLY AS CONSPIRATORIAL) Can I trust you, Floki? [PRO: FLOW-KEY]

CONSTABLE:

(PUFFLING HIMSELF UP) Of course you can, Inspe- (STOPS SHORT) Yrsa.

YRSA:

(LOWERED VOICE) It'll mean going behind the chief's back. But not without good reason.

CONSTABLE:

Well... If it helps you, and the Doctor, I'm in.

YRSA:

I want you to look into every deal that Hellion Incorporated has done, every reference to them you can find.

FX: OFF, BEHIND CLOSED DOOR. SIGDOR'S FOOTSTEPS CLIP ALONG THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS RECEPTION.

CONSTABLE:

(FULL OF SELF-IMPORTANCE) Yes, Guv.

YRSA:

And find out what you can about the Environment Minister, Sigdor Jonsson.

FX: DOOR INTO RECEPTION OPENS. SIGDOR WALKS IN.

CONSTABLE:

(LIGHTBULB MOMENT) Sigdor! That was his name!

FX: SIGDOR WALKS UP TO THE RECEPTION DESK.

SIGDOR:

(OLEAGINOUS) Yes, that's my name, Sergeant.

CONSTABLE:

Oh, sorry, sir. And it's actually Constable, Sir.

SIGDOR:

Yes, of course, I see from your uniform. I just assumed from your air of authority that you were already a sergeant. Still, can't be long, eh? I'll put in a good word for you.

FX: YRSA TURNS AND VERY SLOWLY WALKS TOWARDS THE MAIN DOOR OUT. WE FOLLOW HER, THE VOICES OF THE CONSTABLE AND SIGDOR FADING A LITTLE.

CONSTABLE: (FADING OFF)

That's very decent of you, Sir.

SIGDOR: (FADING OFF)

Not at all, Constable, not at all.

FX: YRSA TRIES TO QUIETLY OPEN THE MAIN DOOR.

SIGDOR:

(OFF, CALLING OUT) (PLEASANT ON THE SURFACE, SINISTER UNDERTONES) And where do you think you're going, Inspector Kristjansdottir?

FX: YRSA STOPS. SWIVELS ROUND.

YRSA:

(TO HERSELF) Great. (TO SIGDOR) I'm surprised you know who I am, Minister.

FX. SHE WALKS BACK.

CONSTABLE: (OFF BUT MOVING IN)
(ANOTHER LIGHTBULB MOMENT) Oh, so he's the – oooh!

FX: THE PRINTER STOPS PRINTING, EMITS A SURPRISED TRILL.

SIGDOR:
(SNAPS) I'm the what?

CONSTABLE:
Nothing, nothing.

SIGDOR:
Good. (SWITCHING BACK TO ADDRESSING YRSA) Of course I know who you are, Inspector. Reykjavic is not a big city. (BEAT) And with a name like yours... Your father had quite a reputation.

YRSA:
Yes. For investigating corruption.

SIGDOR:
(ALL SMILES) Indeed. Right up until the moment of his... premature demise. I believe Ingrid– I mean, the Chief Inspector, wants to see you?

YRSA:
Does she.

FX: AS SIGDOR STRIDES FOR THE DOOR...

SIGDOR:
Now, if you'll excuse me – I'm due for a lunch at the ministry. Ten courses, all with wine.

FX: SIGDOR OPENS THE MAIN DOOR AND EXITS.

YRSA:
You were right, Floki. He does look like a shark.

22. EXT. ICE FIELDS OF PLANET VALLINN [MARFICKS' POV]

FX: THE MARFICKS — TWO HEADS, ONE BODY — ARE STUCK IN A SHALLOW ICE PIT, A TRAP. VOICES ECHO SLIGHTLY: WE'RE IN THE PIT WITH THEM. SWIRLING ICE WINDS ABOVE US. LEFT MARFICK SCRAPING AT THE ICE WITH THE FINGERTIPS OF ONE HAND.

LEFT MARFICK:

Aren't you going to help?

RIGHT MARFICK:

What good will it do? We'll never scratch our way out of an ice pit.

FX: SOME WAY OFF, TARDIS MATERIALISES. LEFT MARFICK STOPS SCRAPING AT THE ICE. THROUGH BELOW, DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS; DOCTOR COMES OUT.

LEFT MARFICK:

(EXCITED) Did you hear that?

RIGHT MARFICK:

Hear what?

LEFT MARFICK:

I don't know. Something. Maybe someone coming to help!

RIGHT MARFICK:

Probably an aural mirage. Either that, or it's the client arriving to slaughter us.

LEFT MARFICK:

(SULKY) You're no fun anymore.

RIGHT MARFICK:

You know very well, Marfick, that I never was.

DOCTOR:

(DISTANT, CALLING OUT) Hello? Is anyone there?

LEFT MARFICK:

That's no mirage!

RIGHT MARFICK:

Whoever it is, they'll never find us through the blizzard. Or worse, they'll fall in the pit themselves.

LEFT MARFICK:

(CALLING) Help! Help!!

FX: DOCTOR'S FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING FORWARD FROM OFF.

DOCTOR:

(DISTANT, CALLING OUT) Hello? – Keep calling! I can't quite fix your position!

LEFT MARFICK:

(CALLING OUT) Over here!!

RIGHT MARFICK:

We could be summoning the hunter right to us. This could be the shortest hunt in Hellion history.

LEFT MARFICK:

(CALLING OUT) But be careful! The place is full of traps.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(SOTTO) And we're in one of them, awaiting imminent death.

DOCTOR:

(DISTANT, CALLING OUT) I'm sorry? Did you say 'traps'?

FX: THE DOCTOR TREADS A LITTLE MORE CAREFULLY.

LEFT MARFICK:

(CALLING OUT) You're not far away, to our left.

RIGHT MARFICK:

That doesn't help him, though, does it?

LEFT MARFICK:

(CALLING OUT) Okay, continue as you are – our left, your right.

RIGHT MARFICK:

It's our right, his left.

LEFT MARFICK:

It's his right!

RIGHT MARFICK:

I think you'll find it isn't.

LEFT MARFICK:

I think you'll find yourself in trouble if you carry on.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(BECOMING HEATED) What are you going to do? Ignore me to death? Never look at me again? As if that would be a hardship.

LEFT MARFICK:

(RESPONDING IN KIND) You never did know right from left, did you? Ironic, really, given that you've been on the right side of everything since you were born.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(LOUDLY) So you admit it, I'm right!

FX: DOCTOR MUCH CLOSER NOW.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING OUT) Are you two arguing?

RIGHT MARFICK:

(CALLING) No!

LEFT MARFICK:

(CALLING) Yes!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING OUT) Well, keep doing it, you can't be far away —

FX: HIS NEXT STEP, ABOVE THE LISTENER'S POSITION DOWN WITH THE MARFICKS, DOESN'T FIND SNOW, ONLY AIR.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Whoooah!

FX: THE DOCTOR, GETTING HIS BALANCE, TAKES A FEW STEPS BACK.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) That was close.

LEFT MARFICK:

(CALLING) You were nearly down here with us!

RIGHT MARFICK:

Would've been nice to have some better company.

LEFT MARFICK:

But then he wouldn't be able to get us out, would he, stupid?

RIGHT MARFICK:

Who are you calling stupid?

DOCTOR:

(EXASPERATED) The only person who can legitimately call anyone and everyone stupid is me. And I'm not that rude. (BEAT) Today.

FX: ABOVE THEM, THE DOCTOR KNEELS DOWN. THUMPS DOWN ON THE SNOW TO IMPACT IT FOR A FIRM FOOTING.

DOCTOR:

Now. Can you see me? I'm the one waving.

LEFT MARFICK:

Just about.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT, LEANING INTO PIT WHILE TRYING TO KEEP BALANCE) Then one of you reach up and grab my hand. I'll get the other one out in a minute.

LEFT MARFICK:

(EFFORT, REACHING UP) That won't be necessary. Here-!

FX: MARFICKS' HAND FINDS THE DOCTOR'S.

LEFT & RIGHT MARFICK:

(EFFORT, STRUGGLING OUT OF THE PIT)

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT, AS HE PULLS THE MARFICKS OUT OF THE PIT) I'm not leaving your friend down there.

FX: SNOW FALLING INTO THE PIT AS THE MARFICKS ARE PULLED OUT. WE EMERGE WITH THEM INTO THE OPEN, SWIRLING WINDS. BOTH THE MARFICKS AND THE DOCTOR FALL BACK INTO THE SNOW.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT, FALLING BACK) There! Now for the other o- (STOPS SHORT, REALISATION) Ohh!

LEFT MARFICK:

(PANTING FROM EXERTION) I told you, that wouldn't be necessary.

DOCTOR:

So I see. One body, two heads. - And what is your name? Or do you have two of those, too?

LEFT MARFICK:

I'm Marfick.

RIGHT MARFICK:

And I'm Marfick.

LEFT & RIGHT MARFICK:

(TOGETHER) We're the Marficks.

DOCTOR:

Oh good. And I was worried it would be complicated.

23. INT. INSIDE YRSA'S CAR (IN MOTION)

FX: MUFFLED DRIVING SOUNDS. THE ENGINE SOUNDS GRITTY, THE MOTOR NOT RUNNING AS SMOOTHLY AS EARLIER. YRSA'S PHONE GOES, VIBRATING ON THE DASHBOARD.

YRSA:

Where's the Doctor when you need him? (BEAT) At least he fixed the Bluetooth.

FX: YRSA SCRABBLES WITH ONE HAND FOR THE PHONE. PLACES IT IN ITS HOLDER. PRESSES A BUTTON. FRIDA'S VOICE, WHEN WE HEAR IT, IS FILTERED WITH RADIO CRACKLE.

FRIDA: (D.)

Yrsa?

YRSA:

Hi, Frida. How are you feeling?

FRIDA: (D.)

Still a bit sore. (BEAT) The constable said you wanted to talk with me.

YRSA:

I'm afraid I've been removed from the case, in fact I've been suspended until further notice.

FX: CAR NOW GOING DOWNHILL, CHANGE IN GEAR.

FRIDA: (D.)

Why, what's happened?

YRSA:

Nothing that can't be sorted out. I'll find out why you were kidnapped and chased.

FRIDA: (D.)

So you believe me? About the wolves?

FX: CAR SEEMS TO CHOKE, MOTOR REVVING AS IF STRUGGLING. YRSA CHANGES GEAR AGAIN.

YRSA:

I have to see things to believe them, I used to argue with my dad about it. He said there were so many hidden things, so many things unseen. I thought he was lying. But now I've seen the wolves, their teeth, their master, his mode of transport..

FRIDA: (D.)

What?

YRSA:

It doesn't matter.

24. EXT. ICE FIELDS OF VALLINN

FX: DOCTOR AND MARFICKS ARE TRUDGING ACROSS ICE FIELD.

DOCTOR:

Which planet are we on, exactly? I was too busy playing 'Follow that Hunter' to notice.

LEFT MARFICK:

Vallinn, of course.

DOCTOR:

Ah, yes! Vallinn. A frozen world in the Anchor Arm of the Cephalo Galaxy. Never been here before. What a treat!

RIGHT MARFICK:

(GRUMPY) Can we hurry up? The hunter will be here soon.

FX: THEY QUICKEN THEIR PLACE

DOCTOR:

He already is. I came on his coat tails, which are, as all can see, nothing compared with mine.

LEFT MARFICK:

We can't go too fast. There are ninety-two traps in this ice field alone.

DOCTOR:

How do you know?

LEFT MARFICK:

We work for Hellion.

RIGHT MARFICK:

We're the Administrator for the Vallinn Reserve.

LEFT MARFICK:

We know all there is to know.

DOCTOR:

If you work for them, how did you end up in the trap?

RIGHT MARFICK:

We were offered a bribe to lose all the records of a land grab by Hellion.

LEFT MARFICK:

They wanted to take over all of this region.

DOCTOR:

And you considered that unethical?

LEFT & RIGHT MARFICK:

We considered it unadministrative.

LEFT MARFICK:

It's the only thing we agree on.

LEFT MARFICK:

The beauty of the balance sheet.

RIGHT MARFICK:

The glory of sorting:

LEFT MARFICK:

Invoicing and diaries;

RIGHT MARFICK:

Filing and compiling;

LEFT MARFICK:

And not to mention —

LEFT & RIGHT MARFICK:

(WITH GLEE) Pens!

LEFT MARFICK:

We couldn't just 'lose' the paperwork. Can you imagine the chaos? (LAUGHS AT THE SHEER THOUGHT)

RIGHT MARFICK:

(SHUDDERS AT THE THOUGHT) Urgh.

LEFT MARFICK:

So we refused. Next thing on our desk was the order for us to be prey in the next hunt.

RIGHT MARFICK:

We stamped it, of course.

DOCTOR:

Of course. It would be unadministrative not too.

LEFT MARFICK:

At last, a man who understands us.

RIGHT MARFICK:

He understands me better.

LEFT MARFICK:

Don't be ridiculous. Why are you always so ridiculous?

FX: MARFICKS AND THE DOCTOR STOP WALKING.

DOCTOR:

(SEEING SOMETHING ON GROUND, CURIOUS) Hello, what's this...?

RIGHT MARFICK:

(OBLIVIOUS) I've had enough of you.

LEFT MARFICK:

Well, I've had enough of you. Come here! (EFFORT, STRUGGLING TO STRANGLE RIGHT MARFICK)

RIGHT MARFICK:

(REACTS TO BEING STRANGLLED; EFFORT, TRYING TO REACH FOR AND STRANGLE LEFT MARFICK)

DOCTOR:

Marficks and Marficks, please! (EFFORT, TRYING TO STOP THEM STRANGLING EACH OTHER) Take your hands off each other's neck this instance.

FX: THE MARFICKS STOP ATTACKING EACH OTHER.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. (MUSING) Now, tread carefully.

FX: THE DOCTOR QUICKLY CROUCHES DOWN AND FIDDLES WITH A TRIP WIRE [BARELY NOTICEABLE, THE KIND OF THING YOU ONLY NOTICE WHEN REPLAYING TO CHECK THAT THE DOCTOR HAS IN FACT PLAYED A TRICK TO TRAP THE HUNTER]. HE STANDS UP AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

You said it yourselves, if we don't watch out, we'll end up in another -

FX: DOCTOR MOVES FORWARD AND TREADS ON A TRIP WIRE, WHICH MAKES A CLICKING NOISE, FOLLOWED BY THE GATHERING OF ROPE AND THE SWIFT SWEEP OF A NET ALONG SNOW AS THE NET CLOSES ON THE DOCTOR AND THE MARFICKS.

DOCTOR:

... traaaaaaaap!

LEFT & RIGHT MARFICK:

Aaaaaaaah!

FX: THE DOCTOR'S VOICE WHEN SAYING 'TRAP' AND THE MARFICKS' CRIES ARE WINCHED HIGH UP IN THE AURAL FIELD AS THEIR BODIES ARE WINCHED UP INTO THE AIR.

25. INT. INSIDE YRSA'S CAR (IN MOTION)

FRIDA: (D.)

Can I see you, Inspector? I've remembered something. About being taken.

YRSA:

I guess I could come to you, Frida.

FRIDA: (D.)

Where are you now?

YRSA:

Just passing Silfr [PRO: SIL-VRA] ravine. Give me thirty minutes.

FX: CAR TURNS A CORNER AND YRSA TRIES TO BRAKE. AGAIN AND AGAIN: NO RESPONSE.

YRSA:

(SOUND OF ALARM) What the...?

FRIDA: (D.)

(PANICKED) What is it? Yrsa? (BEAT) Can you hear me?

FX: YRSA FRANTICALLY PRESSES THE BRAKES, BUT THERE IS JUST THE SOUND OF THE PEDAL HITTING THE FLOOR

YRSA

My brakes have failed!

FRIDA: (D.)

What?!

FX: CAR ACCELERATING, GOING DOWNHILL WITHOUT CONTROL.

YRSA:

I have to jump.

FRIDA: (D.)

You can't! The ravine!

YRSA:

I have to or I'll crash.

FX: UNDER THE ABOVE, YRSA UNCLIPS HER SEATBELT.

FRIDA (D):

Yrsa, don't, you'll -

FX: UNDER THE ABOVE, YRSA GRABS THE PHONE FROM ITS HOLDER, CUTTING OFF THE CALL. OPENS CAR DOOR.

YRSA:

Here goes nothing — (EFFORT, THROWS HERSELF OUT OF THE CAR)

FX: CAR SMASHES INTO TREE.

26. EXT. ICE FIELDS OF VALLINN [IN TRAP]

FX: AT THE TOP OF THE TREE, THE TRAP ROCKS BACK AND FORTH, CREAKING.

LEFT MARFICK:
(STRUGGLE NOISES)

RIGHT MARFICK:
Stop struggling, Marfick, it's not going to help us get down.

DOCTOR:
At least there's a nice view up here. Well, it would be if we could see anything. Don't worry, I'm sure I'll have something in my pockets to help us out of the net.

FX: LASERS ARE ACTIVATED WITH A LOW-PITCHED RESONANT HUM. CONTINUE THROUGH...

LEFT MARFICK:
I can see something. That red beam underneath us. Quite pretty, really.

RIGHT MARFICK:
You know what that is, don't you? (BEAT) It was in the minutes of the last committee meeting. Traps accompanied by-

DOCTOR:
Lasers. (BEAT) Even if I get us out, they'll slice us to pieces on the way down.

RIGHT MARFICK:
At least I wouldn't die attached to him.

DOCTOR:
No-one's going to die if I can help it.

FX: HUNTER'S HORN SOUNDS FROM NEARBY - A CONTINUOUS NOTE, GETTING CLOSER.

LEFT MARFICK:
The Hunter!

DOCTOR:
Yes, he's on his way.

FX: WOLVES ARE HOWLING AND BARKING, METAL CLAWS STABBING INTO THE ICE...

RIGHT MARFICK:
Doctor, the lasers are getting closer.

DOCTOR:

I noticed.

LEFT MARFICK:

And so is the Hunter!

DOCTOR:

I noticed.

LEFT AND RIGHT MARFICK:

What are we going to do?!

FX: WOLVES JUMPING UP TO TRY AND REACH THE MARFICKS, LANDING ON THE ICE WITH METAL CLAWS. HUNTER STOMPS TO HALT BELOW.

HUNTER:

Caught already! The only question is... which of you do I butcher first?

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(NO REPRISE)

27. EXT. RAVINE LEDGE

FX: FAR BELOW, WATER CRASHES AGAINST ROCKS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE. A FALCON CRIES FAR OVERHEAD. YRSA'S PHONE RINGS.

YRSA:

(GROANS AS SHE COMES ROUND FROM THE FALL) Urghhh.

FX: YRSA MOVES A LITTLE.

YRSA:

(SOUNDS OF PAIN ON MOVING)

FX: A FEW STONES FALL FROM THE LEDGE SHE IS ON, TUMBLING DOWN TO THE ROCKS AND WATER BELOW. PHONE KEEPS RINGING. YRSA PATS HER POCKETS AND TAKES OUT THE PHONE. FUMBLES WITH BUTTON. THE PHONE RING STOPS AS SHE ANSWERS.

YRSA:

(GROGGY) Hello?

CONSTABLE (D):

(URGENT) Yrsa! Are you alright?

YRSA:

(GROGGY) Floki, it's you. Yes. No. I don't know.

CONSTABLE (D):

Frida called the station, said you'd jumped from the car by the ravine.

YRSA:

I mistimed it. Rolled right over the edge.

CONSTABLE (D):

What?

YRSA:

I'm on a ledge.

FX: YRSA SHIFTS A LITTLE TO LOOK OVER THE EDGE. GRAVEL AND SNOW MOVING BENEATH HER.

YRSA:

Whoah! That's a long way down. (BEAT) And a fair way up, too.

CONSTABLE (D):

Lucky.

YRSA:

Yeah. I think my coat snagged on some roots and broke my fall.

CONSTABLE (D):

Are you hurt?

FX: PATS HERSELF DOWN CAREFULLY.

YRSA:

Cuts. Grazes. No bones broken.

CONSTABLE (D):

There's a rescue helicopter on the way. They'll be with you soon.

YRSA:

What? Floki, they'll be hours getting me out! I've got to keep on the trail. Goodness knows what the Doctor's up to.

FX: UNDER THE BELOW, YRSA PULLS HERSELF UP TO STANDING. DIGS AND SCRAPES AT THE ROCK WALL. IT CRUMBLES AWAY IN CLUMPS IN HER HAND, FALLING ONTO THE LEDGE.

CONSTABLE (D):

The Doctor can look after himself, you should stay where you are, keep as warm as possible.

YRSA:

Not going to happen, Constable. (SOTTO, TO HERSELF) Too crumbly to climb the whole way. If there were another ledge, I might be able to make it in stages, but it's a straight drop. (REALISATION HITS) Wait...

FX: RIFLES THROUGH ONE OF HER POCKETS.

YRSA:

Constable, what you are about to hear may sound alarming.

CONSTABLE (D):

(ALREADY ALARMED) What are you doing?!

FX: YRSA TAKES OUT ONE OF THE CLUSTER SPHERES, THROWS IT UP IN THE AIR AND CATCHES IT IN HER GLOVED HAND.

YRSA:

If this doesn't work, then you'll have to do your best to expose Hellion. (BEAT) Oh yeah, and look after my cat.

CONSTABLE (D):

(VERY WORRIED) If what doesn't work?

YRSA:

Using a Mexxonian cluster sphere to create another ledge.

CONSTABLE (D):

Eh?

YRSA:

(TO SELF) Okay. Just pull out the pin...

FX: PIN REMOVED FROM BOMB. SPIKES CLICK OUT. TINY TICKING BEGINS.

CONSTABLE (D):

Inspector? What are you doing?

YRSA:

... big throw ... (EFFORT, THROWS BOMB...)

FX: TICKING SOUND DIMINISHES AS IT SOARS UP. LANDS IN CRUMBLY ROCK TO THE FAR LEFT OF STEREO.

YRSA:

... and duck!! (EFFORT, FLINGS HERSELF TO THE GROUND)

FX: YRSA SLAMS DOWN ONTO THE LEDGE FLOOR. TICKING STOPS. BEAT — THEN THE CLUSTER SPHERE EXPLODES, SENDING EARTH AND ROCK CASCADING DOWN THE RAVINE TO THE LEFT OF STEREO.

28. EXT. ICE FIELD OF VALLINN (IN TRAP)

FX: NET SWAYS BACK AND FORTH, CREAKING. LASERS SWOOSH JUST UNDERNEATH. WOLVES BARK AND GROWL. WE STAY IN THE NET WITH THE DOCTOR AND THE MARFICKS.

DOCTOR:

Butcher us so soon, would you, mighty hunter? Where would the sport be in that?

HUNTER:

True. Hellion need to up their game. Maybe I should let you go, just so I can catch you again...

LEFT MARFICK:

You can't let us fall, though!

DOCTOR:

Quite. If we fall, the lasers will get us before you can.

HUNTER:

Wait. Didn't I see you before?

DOCTOR:

Would you be in any doubt if you had?

HUNTER:

(UNSURE) I suppose not.

FX: HUNTER TAKES A COMMUNICATION DEVICE FROM INSIDE HIS CLOAK. SNAPS IT OPEN. PRESSES A BUTTON. CRACKLES AS COMMS CHANNEL OPENS.

HUNTER:

(SPEAKING INTO COMMUNICATOR) Turn off the lasers. No-one gets the kill but me. And turn on the floodlights. I want to see my trophies.

FX: SNAPS THE DEVICE SHUT. LASER SOUNDS CUT OUT.

RIGHT MARFICK:

Thank goodness.

FX: DISTANT FLOODLIGHTS ARE SWITCHED ON – WHOMPF! WHOMPF! WHOMPF!

DOCTOR:

(SOUND OF DISCOMFORT) Oof. (PITCHED UP) Turn the lights down!

FX: HUNTER WALKS CLOSER.

HUNTER:

One humanoid and, what do we have here? A two-headed Vallinnian. Excellent. Both will look good on my wall.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(PITCHED UP) His won't.

HUNTER:

Maybe Hellion isn't as bad as I thought. I'll have to relay my thanks to the tour guide. Two heads for the price of one, plus a bonus blond. That's customer service.

DOCTOR:

(PITCHED UP) (OUTRAGED) Bonus blond?!

HUNTER:

(IGNORING HIM) And no question of indigenous interference. You know — I came straight here from a planet called Earth, where they have to convince the local populace that I'm some kind of... what's the word?

DOCTOR:

'Troll'?

HUNTER:

Troll, yes! Me, the Great Hunter, a 'troll'! It's... insulting.

DOCTOR:

Of course it is. (BEAT) To trolls.

LEFT MARFICK:

(HISSES QUIETLY, TO DOCTOR) What are you doing?

RIGHT MARFICK:

(HISSES QUIETLY, TO DOCTOR) You'll make him angry!

HUNTER:

Oho, Blondie. You just made yourself first kill.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(QUIETLY, TO DOCTOR) I take it back. As you were.

HUNTER:

And I shall delight in taking your life off your hands.

29. EXT. TOP OF THE RAVINE

FX: WE ARE PLACED AT THE EDGE OF THE ROAD BORDERING THE RAVINE. JUST BELOW US COME SOUNDS OF CRUMBLY ROCK FALLING FAR INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE RAVINE. FINGERS DIGGING AND SCRAPING AT EARTH AS YRSA CLIMBS THE LAST FEW METRES. CRIES OF A BIRD OF PREY ABOVE. WATER CRASHING MANY METRES BELOW.

YRSA:

(EFFORT WHILE CLIMBING, DIFFICULTY BREATHING)

FX: YRSA CLIMBS NEAR TO THE TOP OF THE RAVINE. SHE STOPS FOR A BREATH.

YRSA:

(EXHAUSTED, OUT OF BREATH) Come on, little one, one last push.

FX: YRSA HEAVES HERSELF UP AND OVER THE RAVINE EDGE.

YRSA:

(PANTING WITH EXHAUSTION AND RELIEF, THEN SLIGHT LAUGHTER OF HYSTERIA AT SURVIVING)

FX: CONSTABLE'S VOICE BELOW IS MUFFLED, COMING FROM THE PHONE IN YRSA'S POCKET.

CONSTABLE: (D)

(WORRIED) Inspector? (BEAT) Yrsa? Are you still there?

FX: YRSA TAKES THE PHONE OUT OF HER POCKET.

YRSA:

(EXHAUSTED) Yes, Floki. I'm still here. Just. Although, (EXPRESSES PAIN) ouch, if something wasn't fractured before, it probably is now.

CONSTABLE: (D)

Stay on the phone. The rescue team won't be long.

YRSA:

Okay. (GETTING UP, EFFORT) I need to take a look at my car.

CONSTABLE: (D)

It's not at the bottom of the ravine?

FX: YRSA WALKS ONTO TARMAC.

YRSA:

No, it hit a tree. Side on, a branch went straight through the driver's side. (PAIN FROM WALKING) Ow!

FX: YRSA REACHES THE CAR.

YRSA:

But something made the brakes fail –

FX: STRUGGLES WITH THE CAR BONNET TO GET IT OPEN.

YRSA:

(EFFORT)

FX: IT GIVES A MIGHTY CREAK OF PROTEST BUT EVENTUALLY OPENS.

BEAT.

YRSA:

Yeah, thought so.

CONSTABLE: (D)

What is it? Yrsa?

FX. YRSA'S VOICE MUFFLED AS SHE BENDS UNDER THE BONNET,
TOUCHING BRAKE CORDS.

YRSA:

The brake cables are frayed.

CONSTABLE:

(HOPEFUL) Maybe they were old?

YRSA:

No, this was deliberate. Someone wanted me dead, Floki. (BEAT)
(RECITING QUIETLY AND SLOWLY) 'Those who wish to come may
come, those who wish to leave may leave, but harm not me nor
mine, but harm not me nor mine.'

CONSTABLE:

(GENTLY) Guv, you sure you're okay?

YRSA:

(WITH RESOLVE) I will be.

FX: FAINT HELICOPTER SOUNDS FROM OVERHEAD, GETTING LOUDER ALL
THE TIME. YRSA JUMPS UP AND DOWN.

YRSA:

There's the helicopter. (YELLING) Over here!

FX: HELICOPTER SWOOPING TOWARDS US.

30. EXT. ICE FIELDS OF VALLINN (IN TRAP)

FX: NET CONTAINING MARFICKS AND DOCTOR SWAYS IN CREAKING TREE AS ICE WIND SWIRLS AROUND THEM. WOLVES BARK AND GROWL BELOW.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING DOWN TO HUNTER) Don't we get to see you? The Great Hunter himself? Remove your hood. I want to meet the eyes of the man who wants to kill me.

FX: THE HUNTER SLIPS OFF HIS HOOD.

HUNTER:

There. Satisfied?

DOCTOR:

That's better. (BEAT) Are you a Sakkarian, by any chance?

HUNTER:

(SUSPICIOUS) Yes, why?

DOCTOR:

Ah, so that explains why you choose the cold game reserves. Temperatures any hotter and you'd bake like a jacket potato. (BEAT) I went to Sakkaria once, you know. Nearly lost six toes to frostbite. Other than that, I had a lovely time.

HUNTER:

I will be glad to kill you. It will make you shut up.

DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) I wouldn't be too sure about that. (TO HUNTER) I'm sorry, can't quite hear you, the wind took your, no doubt terrifying, words away. Could you come a step closer and repeat it?

HUNTER:

(SIGH OF EXASPERATION)

FX: THE HUNTER TAKES A STEP FORWARD.

HUNTER:

I said that I was looking forward to killing you. That -

FX: COIL OF ROPE SLITHERS TO CLOSE AROUND HIS FOOT, YANKING HIM UP IN THE AIR.

HUNTER:

(CRY OF SURPRISE)

FX: NET CONTAINING THE DOCTOR AND THE MARFICKS PLUMMETS TOWARDS THE GROUND. THE WOLVES ARE GOING CRAZY.

LEFT MARFICK:

Woooooooooooo!

RIGHT MARFICK:

Noooooooooooo!

FX: SOUND OF ROPE FRICTION AGAINST THE TREE, THE TREE CREAKING. THE NET AND ITS CONTENTS LAND WITH A BUMP ON THE ICE. HUNTER'S VOICE WILL NOW BE HEARD COMING FROM ABOVE, THE DOCTOR AND THE MARFICKS' BELOW.

LEFT MARFICK:

(EFFORT NOISES ON LANDING) Oof!

RIGHT MARFICK:

(EFFORT NOISES ON LANDING) Ouch!

FX: SOUND OF ROPE BEING TORN APART. THE DOCTOR GETS UP AND STEPS OUT OF THE NET. WE STAY WITH THE DOCTOR AND MARFICKS ON THE GROUND, HEAR THE HUNTER'S VOICE IN THE TRAP ABOVE.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT NOISES AS HE GETS UP OUT OF THE NET) There. Could have been a daintier landing but it'll have to do.

HUNTER:

(CRIES OUT IN SURPRISE AND ANGER) What have you done?

DOCTOR:

Simple, really. I noticed the trap before the Marficks and I stepped into it -

LEFT MARFICK:

You did?

DOCTOR:

Oh yes. I have excellent eyesight you know, really quite exceptional. So while you two were distracted, trying to strangle one another -

RIGHT MARFICK:

He started it.

LEFT MARFICK:

I did not!

DOCTOR:

While you two were distracted, I made a minor alteration, making us counter-weights to a secondary trap of my own devising.

HUNTER:

You knew I was coming.

DOCTOR:

I knew I could count on you walking right into it, 'Great Hunter'. So when my trap was triggered, we were freed and you were captured.

LEFT MARFICK:

Wait – do you mean to say you deliberately walked us into the trap?

DOCTOR:

I did.

LEFT MARFICK:

That's outrageous.

RIGHT MARFICK:

But he got us out of it, too. And the Hunter is now suspended above our heads by his foot.

LEFT MARFICK:

That is true. You make an excellent point, Marfick.

RIGHT MARFICK:

Thank you, Marfick.

LEFT MARFICK:

You're welcome.

DOCTOR:

Harmony at last. So, Hunter – now I have you exactly where I want you, how about some answers to my questions?

FX: SOUND OF THE COMMUNICATOR SNAPPING OPEN.

LEFT MARFICK:

Um, Doctor. You should have got him to take off his cloak, not just his hood.

DOCTOR:

Why?

LEFT MARFICK:

Because he had the communicator inside it.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(MUSING) Funny, you don't think of villains having pockets.

DOCTOR:

Ah. And of course, he's in touch with whoever's controlling the hunt.

FX: HUNTER PRESSES BUTTON ON COMMUNICATOR. RADIO CRACKLE AS CHANNEL OPENS.

HUNTER:

(INTO COMMUNICATOR) Let down rope trap B-seventeen. Now.

FX: RADIO CRACKLES. SOUND OF ROPE SLOWLY DESCENDING, RUBBING AGAINST THE TREE BRANCH.

DOCTOR:

Erm... Might I make a suggestion?

RIGHT MARFICK:

Is it 'run', perchance?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Run!!

31. INT. RECEPTION, REYKJAVIC POLICE STATION

FX: PRINTER CHUNTERING AWAY. TERSE CLOCK.

YRSA:

What else did I want to say to you, Floki? (BEAT) Oh, yes. Phone Frida for me, thank her for saving my life. (BEAT) And there was something else but I can't remember, my head is throbbing.

CONSTABLE:

I really think you should go home and rest, Inspector.

YRSA:

No time. Whoever tampered with my car is behind the murders, I know it. And whoever that was, knew my car was here.

CONSTABLE:

It wouldn't be someone in the force, Guv.

FX: PRINTER IS SINGING HAPPILY IN THE BACKGROUND.

YRSA:

Oh, Floki. I wish I had your faith in human nature.

CONSTABLE:

I looked into Hellion, as you asked, and everything seems above board. Only...

YRSA:

Only what?

CONSTABLE:

There's lots blacked out. There may have been more in your father's files, of course, since he was partway through his investigation when he... you know. Died.

YRSA:

Was murdered. Can you print out all of Dad's files?

CONSTABLE:

They're not in the system. Either they were never there, or they've been deleted.

YRSA:

(EXPRESSION OF FRUSTRATION)

FX: PRINTER CHUNTERS IN COMMUNICATION.

CONSTABLE:

(TO PRINTER) Unless... yes! (TO YRSA) You could always look in the basement. The original files might have been put into storage.

YRSA:

(UNCERTAIN) Wait. Did the printer just suggest that to you?

FX: PRINTER CHIRRUPS AND CHUNTERS.

CONSTABLE:

(TO PRINTER) Ssh. (TO YRSA) I'll take you down there.

FX: YRSA AND THE CONSTABLE WALK ACROSS RECEPTION. CONSTABLE OPEN DOOR. PAUSES TO CHECK, THEN, OFF, HURRIES AWAY.

32. EXT. ICE PLAINS OF VALLINN

FX: HUNTER'S HORN ECHOES ACROSS THE ICE PLAIN, SOME WAY AWAY. BITTER WIND SWIRLS. WOLVES SURROUND THE HUNTER, BAYING AS THE HUNT IS ON. UP CLOSE, THE DOCTOR AND THE MARFICKS RUN AS FAST AS POSSIBLE OVER THE ICE. THE MARFICKS SLIPS AND STUMBLES, TRYING TO GET BALANCE.

LEFT & RIGHT MARFICK:

(AS STUMBLING) Whoooooah!

FX: MARFICKS CRASH ONTO THE ICE, VERY FAINTLY CRACKING IT UNDER THEM.

LEFT MARFICK:

(PAINED) Ow! My ankle...!

RIGHT MARFICK:

(PAINED) Ah! My ankle...!

DOCTOR:

Careful! Take my hand. Again.

FX: MARFICKS GRAB ONTO THE DOCTOR AND FIND THEIR FEET AGAIN. THEY START RUNNING, WITH A SLIGHT LIMP.

LEFT MARFICK:

(OUT OF BREATH) I used to like ice.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(OUT OF BREATH) We came here for ski-ing. Snowboarding. All the winter sports. (BEAT) Now we're the sport.

LEFT MARFICK:

What happens if he catches us? We haven't made a will. Who will get our pen collection?

RIGHT MARFICK:

As long as it's not Tylox in accounting.

DOCTOR:

No pens will need to be given away today. Or any other stationery item. As long as you keep on your feet and keep running!

FX: HUNTER IS GAINING ON THEM. VERY FAINT CRACKING OF THE ICE UNDER HIS FEET.

HUNTER:

(EXPRESSION OF PRIMAL HUNTING INSTINCT) Ya!

FX: THE DOGS RESPOND TO THE HUNTER'S CRY, RUNNING FASTER, CLATTERING AND GRIPPING INTO THE ICE.

DOCTOR:

He's gaining on us. Head for the bank of snow. If I'm right, and I really hope I am, it's a short-cut.

FX: DOCTOR AND MARFICKS BEAR LEFT...

33. INT. BASEMENT, REYKJAVIC POLICE STATION

FX: LIGHT SWITCHED ON, BUZZING OF BULB COMING TO LIFE.

YRSA:

(COUGHS A LITTLE AT THE DUST) So this is where old cases go to die.

FX: CONSTABLE AND YRSA WALK DOWN EIGHT WOODEN STAIRS AND ONTO A PLAIN CONCRETE FLOOR.

CONSTABLE:

And everything else no-one knows what to do with. Look – an Acorn Model B!

FX: HIS HAND SMOOTHS OVER OLD COMPUTER CASINGS, WIPES OVER DUSTY KEYBOARDS. YRSA WALKS ON AND STOPS BY A FILING CABINET. OPENS A METAL DRAWER. RIFLES THROUGH PAPERS. CLOSES THE DRAWER AGAIN.

YRSA:

Nothing under Dad's name.

FX: OPENS THE DRAWER BELOW. RIFLES THROUGH PAPERS.

YRSA:

And a big fat nothing under Hellion. No surprise there.

CONSTABLE:

You really think that the chief could be in on it?

YRSA:

At the moment I'm wondering who isn't.

FX: YRSA TAPS THE TOP OF THE FILING CABINET.

CONSTABLE:

I've heard stories about your dad. If he knew they were onto him, he'd've left something, I know it.

YRSA:

I hope so. (BEAT) There's one other name it could be under.

FX: YRSA WALKS ACROSS TO THE LAST FILING CABINET. CROUCHES DOWN.

YRSA:

(EFFORT – A LITTLE PAIN AS SHE CROUCHES)

FX: ROLLS OUT THE BOTTOM DRAWER. IMPATIENTLY RIFLES THROUGH THE PAPERS AND FOLDERS. STOPS ON ONE, PAUSES, PULLS OUT A

FOLDER. CLOSSES THE DRAWER. PLACES IT ON TOP OF THE FILING CABINET AND OPENS IT.

YRSA:

Oh, Dad.

FX: CONSTABLE WALKS OVER TO JOIN HER

CONSTABLE:

(SOFTLY) He filed it under 'Yrsa'.

FX: SHE SLIDES A CASSETTE OUT OF A PLASTIC WALLET. SHAKES IT.

YRSA:

A cassette. He always was so retro.

CONSTABLE:

Bet there'll be an old tape player in here somewhere.

FX: HE QUICKLY MOVES TO THE PILE OF OLD EQUIPMENT. HEAVES UP A MONITOR AND ASSORTED HARDWARE...

FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, OFF — INGRID WALKING ALONG THE CORRIDOR ABOVE, LEADING TO THE BASEMENT.

YRSA:

(HISSED) Wait, Floki! Someone's coming.

CONSTABLE:

(WHISPERS) I'll head them off.

FX: CONSTABLE HEADS FOR THE STAIRS AND UP.

CROSS TO...

34. INT. STATION CORRIDOR [CONTINUOUS]

FX: INGRID WALKS TOWARDS THE BASEMENT DOOR. DOOR OPENS; THE CONSTABLE HURRIES OUT INTO CORRIDOR, CLOSING DOOR BEHIND. HE STOPS ABRUPTLY.

CONSTABLE:

(BIT OUT OF BREATH) Chief Inspector! Can I help you at all?

INGRID:

(SUSPICIOUS) What were you doing in the basement, Constable?

CONSTABLE:

(TRYING, POORLY, TO COMPOSE HIMSELF) I was, er, looking for parts for my printer.

INGRID:

Is this the printer I just found singing an aria?

CONSTABLE:

(PROUDLY) It is.

INGRID:

(LOADED) Singing an aria into an empty reception?

CONSTABLE:

Ah, yes, you see, I was only a minute and —

INGRID:

Get back there now. (BEAT) And fix that irritating machine.

CONSTABLE:

(TORN) But Chief Inspector—

INGRID:

(STERN) NOW, Constable, or I'll throw it into the basement myself.

CONSTABLE:

(DEFEATED) Yes, Ma'am.

FX: CONSTABLE TRUDGES AWAY UP THE CORRIDOR. CROSS TO...

35: INT. STATION BASEMENT [CONTINUOUS]

FX: SO QUIETLY THAT A DISTRACTED YRSA DOES NOT HEAR AND IT COULD BE MISSED BY A LISTENER, INGRID OPENS THE BASEMENT DOORWAY. YRSA DEPRESSES A BUTTON ON AN 80S TAPE RECORDER. CASSETTE TRAY LIFTS. YRSA SLIDES TAPE IN. CLOSES IT WITH A CLICK. PRESSES PLAY. THE HISS OF AN OLD CASSETTE. KRISTJAN'S VOICE IS FILTERED THROUGHOUT TO SOUND LIKE IT'S BEING PLAYED.

KRISTJAN: (D.)

(VOICE FULL OF EMOTION) My dearest Yrsa, my little one who grew up. You are now a fine detective and I know that one day you'll find this and hear all that I've kept from you. I can't tell you now, it would put you in danger. (BEAT) (VOICE BREAKS) It has put me at risk, and the risk I regret most is that of not keeping my promise to you, and for that I am truly sorry. I wish things were different.

YRSA:

(MURMURS) Me too, Dad.

KRISTJAN: (D.)

(GATHERS HIMSELF) I have been told to abandon my investigation into people who have gone missing, whose identities have been wiped from all records. But I'm not going to stop. Whatever happens. They're keeping things secret, and you know how hidden things fascinate me. My research has led me to Hellion, a company that... bear with me, your scepticism will need to take a step back...

YRSA:

(MURMURS) Go on, Dad. I might surprise you.

KRISTJAN: (D.)

... a company not of Earthly origin.

36. EXT. ICE FIELDS OF VALLINN

FX: DOCTOR AND THE MARFICKS, RUNNING THROUGH SNOW. BEHIND THEM, THE HUNTER AND HIS WOLVES ARE IN CLOSE PURSUIT.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(RUNNING) Wait – those are our own footsteps!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) I know. I've been leading you round in a circle.

LEFT MARFICK:

(RUNNING) What? Why?

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) See that blue box, just ahead?

LEFT MARFICK:

(RUNNING) What b– Yes!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) That's our escape route.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(RUNNING) How's that going to get us away?

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) You'll see!

FX: DOCTOR AND MARFICKS SPRINT FOR THE TARDIS.

37: INT. STATION BASEMENT

FX: TAPE CONTINUES.

KRISTJAN: (D.)

... An interplanetary organisation that somehow causes the disappearances of people who ask questions, or do not do as they are told. Like me. And like you. You never did do what you were told. And I couldn't be more proud of you.

FX: TAPE HISSES AND PLAYS BUT THERE'S NO MORE KRISTJAN.

YRSA:

Dad? Is that it? Dad??

38. EXT. ICE FIELDS OF VALLINN (BY TARDIS)

FX: MARFICKS AND DOCTOR SLOW DOWN AND STOP. THE HUNTER IS NEARLY ON THEM. MARFICKS PUSHES ON THE TARDIS DOOR. THEN HAMMERS ON IT.

LEFT MARFICK:

It's locked!

FX: THE DOCTOR SEARCHES IN POCKETS FOR KEY TO TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

Lucky I have the key then.

FX: KEY INSERTED INTO THE LOCK. HUNTER AND THE DOGS ARE UPON THEM NOW. A BLAST FROM THE FREEZE GUN.

HUNTER:

Put your hands in the air. One movement and one of the heads gets frozen.

RIGHT MARFICK:

May I advise you to aim for the other Marfick?

LEFT MARFICK:

No! Spare me and I'll help you with all manner of administrative duties.

DOCTOR:

You both need to keep your heads. What do you think one would be without the other? Hmm?

HUNTER:

(BOOMS) Silence! None of you will survive. I never leave my prey alive.

39. INT. STATION BASEMENT

FX: YRSA FAST FORWARDS THROUGH THE TAPE. PRESSES PLAY. JUST STATIC AND CRACKLE.

YRSA:

(SOTTO) Come on, Dad. There must be something else..

FX: FAST FORWARDS AGAIN. PRESSES PLAY.

KRISTJAN:

(D) — knew you'd keep listening, Yrsa. You never wanted to miss out on anything. So here it is. I am likely to be caught soon, maybe even today, so this is my final message to you.

YRSA:

I knew it! (TRYING NOT TO CRY) Oh, Dad.

KRISTJAN:

(D) Ingrid is on the payroll of Hellion, as are many officials, including Sigdor Jonsson, currently junior minister for the environment. A man so concerned about the environment that he sells it to the highest bidder, so concerned for his constituents that he looks the other way when they're killed. Do not trust him.

YRSA:

(MURMUR) Ahead of you there, Dad.

KRISTJAN:

(D; SOFTER) The other thing I wanted to say has nothing to do with the job that has kept me from you too much already. I know you joined the police service because of me. I tried to stop you but you also wanted to look into the shadows, see the unseen. I wish we'd been able to work together, [as your mother wanted.]

FX: UNDER THE ABOVE, INGRID WALKS DOWN THE STAIRS.

YRSA:

(REACTS WITH SURPRISE AND ALARM) Wait, who—?

FX: YRSA PRESSES STOP AND HER DAD'S VOICE DISAPPEARS.

INGRID:

(ALL SMILES AND SLIGHTLY SINISTER UNDERTONE) Yrsa! There you are. What are you doing down here?

FX: INGRID WALKS ACROSS TO THE OLD EQUIPMENT.

YRSA:

(STAMMERING, WRONGFOOTED) Chief! I – I was just looking for some old files.

INGRID:

I thought I'd told you to stay away from the case. (BEAT) For your own sake.

YRSA:

Yes, this was for something else–

INGRID:

It's amazing what you can find in the basement.

FX: INGRID UNLOCKS A CUPBOARD. TAKES OUT THE FREEZE GUN.

INGRID:

Like this, for example...

FX: INGRID ACTIVATES THE FREEZE GUN SHE'S HOLDING, FLICK OF A SWITCH AND A SURGE OF POWER.

YRSA:

I – I saw a gun like that before. In the Hunter's cabin.

INGRID:

Not this one, but the same model. It's very effective. Can freeze anything. Cocktails. Seafood. (BEAT) Heads.

YRSA:

You killed him. You killed my father!!

INGRID:

You don't understand, Yrsa–

YRSA:

(CHARGING AT INGRID) It was you!!

INGRID:

(STRUGGLING WITH YRSA) Get off! I'm warning you–

YRSA:

(STRUGGLING WITH INGRID) I hate you! I'll kill you!

INGRID:

(STRUGGLING WITH YRSA) Careful! If this thing goes off–

FX: THE FREEZE GUN GOES OFF..

INGRID & YRSA:

(CRY OUT)

FX: INGRID SENT FLYING BACK INTO FILING CABINETS.

40. EXT. ICE FIELDS OF VALLINN (BY TARDIS)

FX: WIND WHISTLING, WOLVES BARKING. THE HUNTER PACING FORWARD, BELT JANGLING, HEAVY BOOTS THROUGH THE SNOW.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO; RUMMAGING THROUGH POCKETS) Don't worry about the wolves, Marficks. I've a certain device that may come in very handy at this juncture...

LEFT MARFICK:

(SOTTO) Well...?

RIGHT MARFICK:

(SOTTO) What device, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) A lupine translator. But I can't find it!

LEFT MARFICK:

(SOTTO) Well, where did you see it last?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I had it in the TARDIS. I must have left it on the console when I tuned in the tracker!

HUNTER:

Be quiet!!

FX: HUNTER UNHOOKS THE EXTRACTOR FROM HIS BELT. HE HITS IT AGAINST HIS HAND. TURNS IT ON. THE EXTRACTOR EMITS A LOW BUT HORRIBLE, WHINING HUM.

LEFT MARFICK:

What is that... thing?

HUNTER:

My favourite weapon. It extracts a particular trophy from each of my... targets.

DOCTOR:

I thought you froze people to death.

HUNTER:

I do. But first I take away their most precious possession. Their favourite memory. The one they hold closest. The one that defines them. The one I'm going to extract from your mind, Blondie...

FX: UNDER THE BELOW, THE HUNTER UNSCREWS A TUBE ON THE EXTRACTOR AND CONNECTS IT TO AN AUGMENTED SOCKET IN THE BACK OF HIS SKULL.

HUNTER:

So I can lock it away, to replay at my leisure.

DOCTOR:

(REALISES) The screen in your cabin!

HUNTER:

Then I did see you on Earth...!

DOCTOR:

It's your trophy cabinet, the place you store stolen memories!

HUNTER:

What can I say? Weddings make me cry.

FX: THE HUNTER STRIDES FORWARD. SCREWS THE CABLE INTO HIS OWN SKULL. OVER THE TOP OF THIS:

DOCTOR:

Direct cranial input? I hope you don't intend to drill a hole into my head?

HUNTER:

Unnecessary. (PLACING PIECE ON TEMPLE) I simply place the extractor on your temple, see.

DOCTOR:

Is that it?!

HUNTER:

The cable connects the extractor to my visual cortex, so I will see your memory for the first time as you watch it for the last. A sensation that tastes finer than the finest wine.

LEFT MARFICK:

Will it hurt?

RIGHT MARFICK:

We don't want the Doctor to be hurt.

LEFT MARFICK:

We like the Doctor.

RIGHT MARFICK:

We do.

HUNTER:

(ENJOYING THIS) 'Pain' doesn't describe how it feels to have treasured moments ripped from your mind. — Now, Doctor. Surrender your memories to me...!

FX: THE HUNTER DEPRESSES TRIGGER. A HIGH-PITCHED LASER SOUND EMANATES.

DOCTOR:
Aaaaaah!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE

HUNTER:

(ENJOYING THIS) 'Pain' doesn't describe how it feels to have treasured moments ripped from your mind. – Now, Doctor. Surrender your memories to me...!

FX: THE HUNTER DEPRESSES TRIGGER. A HIGH-PITCHED LASER SOUND EMANATES.

DOCTOR:

Aaaaaah!

SCENE CONTINUES...

41. EXT. ICE FIELDS OF VALLINN (BY TARDIS) [CONTINUOUS]

FX: WIND WHISTLING, WOLVES BARKING.

HUNTER:

What have you done? What— (CRYING OUT) No!

FX: WE JUMP-CUT INTO HIS MEMORY WITH A WHOOSH...

42. INT. ALIEN HOSPITAL [HUNTER'S MEMORY — FLASHBACK]

FX: ALIEN BABY CRYING.

ALIEN MATRON:

(STERN) Let go, sir.

HUNTER:

(IN EMOTIONAL PAIN) Leave her, please. You've taken all the others, leave me this one.

ALIEN MATRON:

All fresh offspring must be taken to her Majesty upon production. (BEAT) (ISSUING ORDERS) Take the child.

FX: 3 x BOOTED HUNTER TYPES STOMP FORWARD. STRUGGLE AS BABY WRENCHED FROM HUNTER.

HUNTER:

Please, don't take her! Please...!

FX: WHOOSH BACK TO...

43. EXT. ICE FIELDS OF VALLINN (BY TARDIS) [CONTINUOUS]

HUNTER:

(IN ANGUISH) Please...!

DOCTOR:

Not enjoying your own trip down memory lane, Great Hunter?

HUNTER:

I don't want to see my memories. I know mine. I run from mine.
(EFFORT)

DOCTOR:

No, stop. Don't pull the cable -

FX: FIZZ AS HUNTER YANKS CABLE FROM HIS OWN SKULL. HUNTER FALLS TO HIS KNEES, CRACKING THE ICE.

LEFT MARFICK:

What happened?

DOCTOR:

The idiot just pulled out a direct cranial input. Like hitting himself on the head with a sledgehammer.

RIGHT MARFICK:

So he didn't take your memory?

DOCTOR:

He didn't get the chance. I found his 'extractor' earlier today. Lucky I tinkered with it when I did. It seems I must have reversed the polarity. Force of habit, I suppose.

HUNTER:

(COMING ROUND) Urgggh...

FX: WOLVES YIP AND BARK IN CONFUSION.

LEFT MARFICK:

He's coming round.

DOCTOR:

Yes, he won't be incapacitated for long. Quick, into the TARDIS.

FX: MARFICKS AND DOCTOR WALK THE FEW STEPS TO THE TARDIS.

HUNTER:

(GROGGY) What-? No! Stop! Stop! (HEAVES HIMSELF TO FEET AS...)

FX: DOCTOR OPENS DOOR. MARFICKS STEP INSIDE.

DOCTOR:

Goodbye, 'great hunter'.

FX: CLOSES TARDIS DOOR.

HUNTER:

(STAGGERING FORWARD) Do you think you can hide from me in a hut?

FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

HUNTER:

What? (FURIOUS) No!!!

44. INT. BASEMENT

FX: INGRID HELPS YRSA TO HER FEET.

INGRID:

Yrsa? Are you alright?

YRSA:

Just a few more bruises to add to my collection.

INGRID:

We were lucky. When the gun went off... One or both of us could have died.

YRSA:

I thought you wanted me dead. "Chief."

INGRID:

(SOFTLY) No. I wanted to protect you. I promised your father I would.

YRSA:

You had him killed, Ingrid!

INGRID:

I tried to tell you. It was Sigdor! Just like he tried to have you killed!

YRSA:

Sigdor?!

INGRID:

Your father was in the way. I didn't stop it, no. I couldn't. I was too scared. I hated that it happened. I hated what they did.

YRSA:

Spare me the self-pity, Ingrid.

INGRID:

I learned so much from him, you know. From your father. From.. Kristjan.

YRSA:

Pity you didn't remember any of it.

INGRID:

It was Kristjan who gave me the freezer gun. He found it on the reserve and brought it to me. I hid it away down here.

YRSA:

Hiding the evidence.

INGRID:

No, hiding it from them!

YRSA:

From... Hellion?

INGRID:

Yes. After Kristjan died, I kept it, thinking that maybe one day it'd be useful.

YRSA:

What, as insurance?

INGRID:

Or perhaps to one day use as evidence against them.

YRSA:

Or perhaps never.

INGRID:

You remind me of him so much. Maybe that's why I've found some courage buried in the basement.

YRSA:

You knew his files were here, all along!

INGRID:

I could have had them destroyed, like Sigdor had the digital records destroyed. But I didn't.

YRSA:

But how could you do it? Be part of it all? We're supposed to help people, Ingrid!

INGRID:

Corruption doesn't happen overnight. It's like a crack in the ice — it starts off small, but then slowly it spreads across the entire lake. And soon, everyone falls in the water.

YRSA:

That's a poetic way to describe cowardice.

INGRID:

I have always found an excuse. Till now.

YRSA:

(GENTLE) I'm glad. (BEAT) So now what?

INGRID:

I'm going to do what I've always done: look the other way. Although this time for the right reasons.

YRSA:

(CONFUSED) This doesn't make up for everything.

INGRID:

Nothing could. But perhaps I can start to make things right.
(LAUGHS BITTERLY) And not just to reduce my sentence.

YRSA:

(CYNICAL) Right.

INGRID:

One more thing, though —

YRSA:

What?

FX: INGRID WALKS OVER TO THE TAPE PLAYER. PRESSES PLAY. THE
HISS STARTS AGAIN.

KRISTJAN:

(D) Be careful, little one. And good luck.

FX: TAPE HISS CONTINUES THOUGH KRISTJAN'S NARRATION STOPS.
YRSA PAUSES, THEN WALKS UPSTAIRS.

CUT TO...

45. INT. RECEPTION

FX: PRINTER CHUNTERS AND WHIRRS. FROM THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR — THE BASEMENT DOOR CLOSES. YRSA WALKS UP THROUGH...

SIGDOR:

I can see why you would be proud, Constable. It certainly is unusual.

FX: PRINTER GIVES A LOW TRILL OF DISDAIN.

CONSTABLE:

(WHISPERS) Um, Minister? Just so you know, the printer identifies as 'she'.

SIGDOR:

No offence meant, I'm sure.

FX: PRINTER MAKES A SOUND LIKE A RASPBERRY. YRSA ARRIVES (STOPS WALKING ON 'COULD YOU').

YRSA:

(BREATHLESS, QUICK AND URGENT) Floki, I need to use one of the squad cars, could you — (LOADED) Oh! Minister. How nice to see you.

SIGDOR:

A joy to see you too, Inspector. Especially as I believe I can be of assistance.

YRSA:

Oh, I really don't think so.

SIGDOR:

I have a limousine waiting outside. I will take you where you need to go.

YRSA:

That isn't necessary. The Constable will (LOADED) help me, won't you, Floki?

CONSTABLE:

(BLITHELY, NOT UNDERSTANDING) All the cars are out, I'm afraid. (BEAT) I'd love to go in a limousine one day, I'd have champagne and chips and music playing and wind down the windows to stick my head out.

SIGDOR:

Yrsa will do all that and more, I'm sure. She can tell you about it later.

FX: SIGDOR PULLS YRSA TO HIM.

YRSA:

(REACTS TO BEING GRIPPED BY THE ELBOW) Ow!

SIGDOR:

(SOTTO, FULL OF VENOM, TO YRSA) Shut up or I'll have him killed as well.

CONSTABLE:

Are you alright, Inspector?

YRSA:

Fine. Everything's absolutely fine and normal and fine.

CONSTABLE:

Good-o!

FX: CONSTABLE STARTS TAPPING AT HIS KEYBOARD. SIGDOR USHERS YRSA TOWARDS THE DOOR. MAIN DOOR OPENS.

CONSTABLE:

(CALLING OUT) Oh - enjoy the ride!

FX: PRINTER CHUNTERS A HIGH-PITCHED WARNING ALARM. YRSA AND SIGDOR EXIT. MAIN DOOR CLOSES.

CONSTABLE:

(TO PRINTER) What is it?

FX: PRINTER TRILLS OUT AN ALARMED FEW NOTES.

CONSTABLE:

No, she's fine! She said so, three times! (BEAT) (FONDLY) You really do worry too much, you know.

FX: PRINTER TRILLS OUT A DESPAIRING SIGH OF DESCENDING NOTES.

46. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM (IN FLIGHT)

FX: MARFICKS WANDERS AROUND THE CONSOLE.

LEFT MARFICK:

(AWESTRUCK) This is wonderful.

RIGHT MARFICK:

And it travels in time as well as space?

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED) What? Oh, yes.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(IN WONDER) Wow.

LEFT MARFICK:

(POINTEDLY) There must be a lot of paperwork involved in that kind of travel.

DOCTOR:

Not really.

RIGHT MARFICK:

(CATCHING ON) The customs forms alone would be a terrible waste of time for a man of your status. What you need is...

LEFT & RIGHT MARFICKS:

... an assistant!

DOCTOR:

Ah. (BEAT) Yes, company can be very welcome. It's a big ship when you're on your own. I mean, I can make it smaller but even so...

FX: DOCTOR TURNS A KNOB WITH AN OSCILLATING SOUND. TRACKER ACTIVATES WITH A BLEEP; CONTINUES AT A LOW LEVEL UNDER THE MARFICKS' PITCH TO THE DOCTOR BELOW...

LEFT MARFICK:

We mean, an administrative assistant.

RIGHT MARFICK:

Someone to handle all those time-consuming -

LEFT MARFICK:

- but essential -

RIGHT MARFICK:

- tasks. Someone who knows their way round a filing system -

LEFT MARFICK:

– the way you do the Solar.

RIGHT MARFICK:

In short: you need –

LEFT MARFICK:

– me.

RIGHT MARFICK:

Excuse me?

LEFT MARFICK:

(BEGRUDGINGLY) Us.

FX: DOCTOR PRESSES MORE BUTTONS. TRACKING BLEEPES GET CLOSER TOGETHER.

RIGHT MARFICK:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Hmm? Sorry, were you talking to me? I was a bit busy following the hunter through the Tulumult Belt. I'm tracking one of his wolves.

LEFT MARFICK:

Genius!

FX: MARFICKS MOVE CLOSE TO THE DOCTOR.

LEFT MARFICK:

Where is he?

DOCTOR:

As far as I can tell, not far behind. And heading exactly where we are, I hope.

RIGHT MARFICK:

And where's that?

DOCTOR:

Oh, didn't I say?

LEFT & RIGHT MARFICKS:

No!

DOCTOR:

Earth. We're going hunting.

47. EXT. HELLION HUNTING GROUND, REYKJAVIC

FX: WIND ROARING ACROSS PLAINS. HUM OF AN AUTOMATIC ELECTRICAL GATE OPENING. SIGDOR PUSHES YRSA THROUGH; SHE STUMBLES, FALLING ONTO SNOW.

YRSA:

(FALLING) Ow! (TRIES TO GET UP BUT HER HANDS ARE TIED) You can't just leave me here, Sigdor? I don't even have a coat.

FX: GATES BEGIN CLOSING WITH A HUM.

SIGDOR:

(CALLING BACK TO HER) You won't need one. Not for long, anyway. The Hunter will be here soon.

YRSA:

Aren't you going to stay to watch?

SIGDOR:

(WAKING OFF) Oh no. I'll be watching from the observation platform, a kilometre or so away. There's a lovely hospitality suite, I believe they have a Hakarl [PRO: how-kar(t)l] special on today.

YRSA:

(TO HERSELF) Rotten shark. Very apt (PITCHED UP, CALLING OUT) Untie me, at least, give me a fair chance.

SIGDOR:

(LAUGHS, PITCHED UP, CALLING OVER TO HER) There's nothing fair about any of this, Yrsa. Anyone who thinks so deserves to disappear. Before long, no one will remember you, or your father.

FX: GATES CLANK CLOSED BEHIND HIM.

SIGDOR:

(PITCHED UP, CALLING OVER TO HER) Goodbye, Inspector.

FX: HIS FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH AWAY IN THE SNOW. [UNDER BELOW: CAR DOOR OPENS. THEN SLAMS SHUT. CAR REVS UP AND DRIVES AWAY.]

YRSA:

(CALLING OUT, DESPERATE, SHIVERING) Hello? (BEAT) Can anyone hear me? Help!!

FX: HER VOICE ECHOES ACROSS THE SNOWFIELDS, ANSWERED ONLY BY A SWIRLING BLAST OF ICY WIND... AND THEN THE MATERIALISATION OF THE TARDIS, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.

YRSA:

(PURE DISBELIEF) Now what's going on?

FX: OFF — TARDIS DOORS OPEN. DOCTOR STEPS OUT.

DOCTOR:

(OFF, CALLING BACK) Marficks, you stay in the TARDIS. Keep warm and safe.

YRSA:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Yrsa! Wonderful to see you! (RUSHES OVER THROUGH...)

YRSA:

And you! (SCRAMBLES TO STANDING) How did you get here?

DOCTOR:

More to the point, how did you get here?

YRSA:

Doesn't matter. I'm the prey. The hunter is on his way.

DOCTOR:

Not very sporting to tie the hands of the quarry.

YRSA:

The game is weighted in the hunter's favour.

DOCTOR:

It so often is. (UNTYING ROPE) Let's just get you free —

YRSA:

(FREED, WITH RELIEF) Thank you. — So what happened to you?

DOCTOR:

I followed the Hunter to an ice planet, nearly had my favourite memory forcibly removed — the Hunter collects dying memories, by the way, they're his bounty — oh! And I befriended a splendid clerical worker who told me all about Hellion.

YRSA:

He did?

DOCTOR:

They did. Two heads, they could talk the hind legs off a Dravidian Burdenbeast. Yes, I've learned a lot. The Hunter himself told me that he has a tour guide.

YRSA:

What?

DOCTOR:

Can you imagine – ‘Here we have the famous hot springs, marvellous for the complexion, and to your left are the remnants of yesterday’s hunt, skeletal white blending in perfectly with the [surroundings.]’

FX: SOUND OF THE HUNTER’S CABIN/SPACESHIP APPROACHING: ROAR OF ITS ENGINES, SHUDDERING WALLS.

YRSA:

Doctor, look! The cabin! The Hunter’s spaceship!

DOCTOR:

Yes, I was expecting him.

YRSA:

You were?

FX: HUNTER’S CABIN/SPACESHIP SHUDDERS TO LAND A SHORT DISTANCE OFF. ENGINES POWER DOWN.

DOCTOR:

As soon as the Hunter exits, I’m going to lead him away. You stay in the TARDIS with the Marficks.

YRSA:

I understood one of those sentences. You lost me halfway through the other.

DOCTOR:

Basically, get in the old British police box and keep the two-headed alien company. (BEAT) Clear?

YRSA:

As clear as anything else that’s happened today.

DOCTOR:

And, thus, you have an insight into my lives. – Go on, go!

YRSA:

What about you?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I’ll be fine. I always am. Usually. – Go!!

FX: YRSA RUNS TO THE TARDIS THROUGH...

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) On my own once more.

48. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: TARDIS AT REST ATMOS. DOOR OPENS AS YRSA RUNS IN. STOPS ABRUPTLY.

YRSA:

(IN AWE) This is more than just a box.

FX: DOOR CLOSES BEHIND.

LEFT MARFICK:

Very true. How would you file it, Marfick?

RIGHT MARFICK:

Well, Marfick, I'd place it under 'Time', 'Relative Dimensions' and 'Space Travel'.

YRSA:

My father would have loved this...

49. EXT. HELLION HUNTING GROUND, REYKJAVIC

FX: CABIN DOOR CREAKS OPEN. HUNTER STOMPS OUT AND DOWN THE STEPS, WOLVES FOLLOWING. HUNTER SOUNDS HIS HORN; WOLVES START BAYING.

DOCTOR:

(PITCHED UP, CALLING TO HUNTER) Hello, my gargantuan friend!

HUNTER:

(OFF) You!!! How-?!

DOCTOR:

Come and get me!

HUNTER:

(TO WOLVES) You beasts – after him!!

FX: WOLVES HOWL AND BEGIN CHASING DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

Looks like we're off once again! (BEGINS TO RUN...)

FX: THE DOCTOR RUNS TOWARDS THE LEFT, THE HUNTER FOLLOWING AT A DISTANCE WITH THE BARKING WOLVES.

50. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

YRSA:

Right – Marficks – the Doctor’s going to need our help.

LEFT MARFICK:

He very clearly told us to stay here.

RIGHT MARFICK:

‘Safe and warm,’ he said.

YRSA:

And do you always do what you’re told?

LEFT MARFICK:

Unless it directly contradicts the Administrator’s Code of Administrative Conduct, yes, we do.

YRSA:

But he’s in trouble.

LEFT MARFICK:

We can’t, we’re afraid.

YRSA:

Oh, I know you’re afraid.

RIGHT MARFICK:

No, we mean it’s more than our job’s worth.

YRSA:

And what is your job?

LEFT MARFICK:

Well, we don’t have one at the moment. Nonetheless...

RIGHT MARFICK:

Nonetheless...

YRSA:

Cowardice seems to be catching. (BEAT) Okay. Just me then. Can you give me your coat, at least?

LEFT MARFICK:

Can we?

RIGHT MARFICK:

Nothing against it in the code.

LEFT MARFICK:

Then we can.

FX: MARFICKS TAKE OFF THEIR COAT.

RIGHT MARFICK:

Here you go.

FX: THEY HAND THE COAT TO YRSA. SHE PUTS IT ON. BUTTONS UP.

LEFT MARFICK:

Good luck!

FX: YRSA CROSSES TO TARDIS DOORS.

YRSA:

Er, doors?

RIGHT MARFICK:

Doors, Marfick!

FX: DOORS OPENED. YRSA WALKS OUT. DOORS CLOSE THROUGH...

LEFT MARFICK:

He definitely said, 'Warm and safe.'

LEFT MARFICK:

Did not.

RIGHT MARFICK:

Did. They don't call me the Walking Dictaphone for nothing.

LEFT MARFICK:

No one calls you that.

RIGHT MARFICK:

Do too.

FX: DOORS NOW CLOSED, CUTTING THEM OFF.

51. EXT. HELLION RESERVE (WITH THE DOCTOR)

FX: DOCTOR RUNNING, HUNTER AND HIS PACK CHASING BEHIND.

HUNTER:

(OFF, ROARING) Run, Doctor. Run as fast as you can!

FX: DOCTOR STOPS, CATCHING BREATH.

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) I am, believe me. (CALLING BACK) Don't you get tired of running after people all the time?

52. INT. HUNTER'S CABIN

FX: HAIL HITTING THE WOODEN ROOF. FROM OUTSIDE, YRSA RUNS UP STEPS, THEN BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR.

YRSA:

Now then. Weapons —

FX: BEDROOM DOOR CREAKS OPEN AS FRIDA STEPS OUT.

FRIDA:

Inspector Kristjansdottir! Is it really you?

YRSA:

Frida?!

FRIDA:

I can't believe you found me!

53. EXT. HELLION RESERVE (WITH THE HUNTER)

FX: HUNTER MARCHES ON RELENTLESSLY.

HUNTER:

I never tire. I never grow cold. I stride across galaxies, hunting memories and displaying them like flayed skins.

DOCTOR:

(OFF, CALLING BACK) Well, everyone needs a hobby.

FX: DOCTOR SETS OFF RUNNING AGAIN.

HUNTER:

(ENCOURAGING WOLVES) Yaaa! Yaaa!

FX: WOLVES YIP AND YAP AS THEY RUSH ON...

54. INT. HUNTER'S CABIN

YRSA:

This is the Hunter's cabin. What are you doing here, Frida?

NB: FRIDA IS IMPROVISING...

FRIDA:

I... I only just got here. They came for me. Men in black. They brought me here, and dumped me inside the gates. They... they said the Hunter was coming to clear away the evidence. I realised they meant me.

YRSA:

Yes, and me.

FRIDA:

I tried to run, but it got colder and colder, and I thought I was going to freeze. Only then I saw lights, so I ran towards them.

YRSA:

What you saw was the cabin landing.

FRIDA:

Then the hooded man ran past. I thought, maybe I'd be safe in here. Maybe I'd find a weapon.

YRSA:

I thought the same. But by the looks of it, he's taken all the weapons that were here before. Even the skinning instruments.

FX: FRIDA OPENS BEDROOM DOOR FULLY.

FRIDA:

He didn't take everything, though. I found this - in the bedroom. Is it a gun? It looks like it might be a gun.

YRSA:

Yeah, be careful with that, you don't know how it's-

FX: FRIDA ACTIVATES THE GUN. IT FIRES A SEARING LASER AT THE FLOOR, SLICING A FLOORBOARD THROUGH THE MIDDLE.

FRIDA:

Oops! You just told me to be careful, as well.

YRSA:

A laser gun that can slice up floorboards. Yeah, I'd say that was good.

FRIDA:

Keep looking in the main room, there might be another.

55. INT. OBSERVATION DECK

FX: CLASSICAL MUZAK PLAYING IN LARGE, GLASS-WALLED ROOM. DRINK BEING POURED. LOW MURMUR OF BACKGROUND CONVERSATION.

OBSERVERS – WILDTRACK:

Did you see him go?/

Bet you ten engels that the man in the colourful coat will go first./

My money's on the Hunter./

Have you tried the pink cheese? It's delicious.

FX: SIGDOR WALKS THROUGH THE ROOM.

SIGDOR:

(LOUDLY) Everyone enjoying the hunt?

OBSERVERS – WILDTRACK:

Wouldn't miss it for the world, Minister./

First class./

Could do with a death./

Is there any more pink cheese?

SIGDOR:

Good, good. Don't forget to try the shark. It's fermented excellence. Now, then – who's got my binoculars?

56. INT. HUNTER'S CABIN

FX: YRSA OPENS CUPBOARD. REACHING IN, RUMMAGING.

FRIDA:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) You know it's really lucky I found you again, Inspector.

YRSA:

I guess – (DISGUST) Urgh, bones!

FRIDA:

People bones?

YRSA:

Animal bones. For his wolves, I suppose.

FX: FRIDA WALKS A FEW STEPS. OPENS THE CABINET DOOR.

FRIDA:

He's got a telly in a cabinet.

FX: YRSA CONTINUES TO SEARCH THROUGH A CUPBOARD.

YRSA:

(FX: MUFFLED AS SPEAKING INTO CUPBOARD WHILE SEARCHING)
Yeah, showing a weird wedding video—

FRIDA:

No, I don't think so.

FX: FRIDA PRESSES THE SCREEN. KRISTJAN'S FAVOURITE MEMORY PLAYS, TAKEN FROM SCENE 1.

FX: COSY, SMALL SITTING ROOM: SOFTLY TICKING GRANDFATHER CLOCK; HEARTH FIRE CRACKLES. PAGE OF A BOOK TURNS.

KRISTJAN:

(IN STORYTELLING MODE) 'And so the trolls turned their grey faces to the sky.

FX: NEW DIALOGUE CONTINUES UNDER: 'The clouds rolled back, revealing the morning sun. It shone down on all of Iceland, warming the vast, rounded backs of the trolls and turning them, inch by inch, into stone. One troll, though, was already running for the forest. The earth shook under his scaled feet as he tried to reach the shadow of the trees. Just when he thought he was safe, [a -]'

YRSA:

(REALISATION) That voice...!

FRIDA:

It was just on here. Frozen. Some man reading to a little girl.

YRSA:

No, don't turn it off! – That little girl. That's me...!

FRIDA:

What?

YRSA:

That's our old living room. Dad read from that book every New Year's Eve. (REALISING) It's Dad's memory. The Doctor said the Hunter collected dying memories!

FX: CLOCK STRIKES THE HOUR. KRISTJAN CLOSSES THE HEAVY BOOK.

KRISTJAN:

And that's enough for tonight, little one.

YOUNG YRSA:

(DISAPPOINTED) Ohhhh!

KRISTJAN:

It's New Year's Eve. The hidden folk are looking for new homes. So first we light a candle for the elves. Then you must go to bed.

YRSA:

Turn it off! Turn it off, Frida, please!

FX: SCREEN OFF.

FRIDA:

(TRYING TO DISTRACT HER) What was it your father was saying? About the Hidden Folk? That's an Icelandic tradition, isn't it?

YRSA:

Yes, it's – (REALISING) – it's something an expert would say.

FRIDA:

What do you mean?

YRSA:

The Doctor said the Hunter had mentioned a tour guide. You just asked me if the Hidden Folk were an 'Icelandic tradition'. Why would you say a thing like that, 'Frida Bjornsdottir'?

FRIDA:

I – I don't know what you're talking about.

YRSA:

It's you, isn't it? You're the guide! Always there for your clients... until you happen to be caught by the police, which is why you pretended to have been the Hunter's prey. But you were never a victim of Hellion, you're part of it.

FRIDA:

Very clever. You've got it all almost all worked out.

YRSA:

Almost?

FX: ACTIVATES LASER GUN.

FRIDA:

I've still got the laser. So don't you dare move!

57. EXT. LAKE, HELLION HUNTING GROUND

FX: DOCTOR IS RUNNING, THE HUNTER AND WOLVES JUST BEHIND HIM. SLOWING DOWN, THE DOCTOR STEPS ONTO THE FROZEN LAKE. IT CRACKS, WORRYINGLY. THE DOCTOR CONTINUES, CAREFULLY.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK TO HUNTER) I wouldn't come any closer if I were you, 'great hunter'. The ice won't hold your weight.

FX: DOCTOR WALKS CAREFULLY ON, MOVING AWAY FROM THE BAYING WOLVES.

HUNTER:

If only I had something that could freeze the lake.

FX: HUNTER ACTIVATES FREEZE GUN WHICH FIRES ONTO LAKE AROUND HIS FEET, STRENGTHENING THE ICE. SOUND OF ICE FORMING. THE ICE GUN KEEPS FIRING, CREATING MORE ICE.

DOCTOR:

Ah, yes. How fortunate.

HUNTER:

(LAUGHS, REVELLING IN IT) Keep going, Doctor. This is hunting at its best.

FX: THE HUNTER SOUNDS HIS HORN ONCE MORE...

58. INT. OBSERVATION DECK

FX: GUESTS ATMOS AS BEFORE. SIGDOR DIALS HELLION ON HIS MOBILE. RINGS FAINTLY, BEFORE IT'S PICKED UP AT THE OTHER END.

SIGDOR:

(ON PHONE) This is Sigdor. I need to speak to the Head of Security. Now. (PAUSES WHILE CONNECTED) Hello? Oh, it is you. You need to be on guard. This 'Doctor' worries me. He's tricked the client twice, he's followed him back using a most unorthodox transport... and he's now leading him towards the hot springs. (PAUSES TO LISTEN TO SECURITY EXPLAINING THAT EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL) Well, that isn't good enough. Things clearly aren't under control!

FX: UNDER THE ABOVE 'CONVERSATION', A DOOR OPENS AND INGRID AND THE CONSTABLE WALK TOWARDS SIGDOR.

SIGDOR:

(TRYING TO KEEP VOICE DOWN) Recruit some more security then. I don't care that the wastage rate is high, that's your problem.

FX: INGRID AND CONSTABLE COME TO A STOP BY SIGDOR.

INGRID:

Minister! There you are.

SIGDOR:

(WITH RELIEF) Ah, Ingrid. Thank goodness, a professional. You're like one of our client's wolves. Always loyal, whatever he does to them. Your constable, however...

CONSTABLE:

Afternoon, Minister.

INGRID:

Don't worry about Floki. I've explained the situation to him.

CONSTABLE:

You needn't worry about me, Minister. (WINK) I don't know anything.

SIGDOR:

That I can believe.

INGRID:

Is there a problem, Sigdor?

SIGDOR:

This 'Doctor' character your Inspector brought in. He's already disrupted the hunt once today, and I want to ensure he cannot do so again.

INGRID:

Don't worry – I'm going to the hunting ground myself. If the worst comes to the worst, and the Doctor does evade the Hunter – he won't be expecting me.

SIGDOR:

Good, good.

INGRID:

But I think I should leave Floki here, as a precaution?

SIGDOR:

Added security! Excellent.

INGRID:

Floki knows the protocol – don't you, Floki?

CONSTABLE:

Yes, Ma'am. You made things very clear.

SIGDOR:

Excellent. Run along then, Ingrid. Time for me to sit back and enjoy the show.

59. BY HOT SPRINGS, HELLION REYKJAVIC RESERVE

FX: DOCTOR SLIPS AND SLIDES ACROSS CRACKING ICE. THE HUNTER IS CLOSE BEHIND, THE DOGS AT HIS HEELS, BARKING OCCASIONALLY. HOT SPRINGS BUBBLE UP AHEAD.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) You must go back. The hot springs are just ahead. You're a Sakkarian native, you won't be able to stand the heat!

HUNTER:

Do you think you can fool me that way? The freezer gun can turn any water to ice.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Not at a hundred and two degrees Fahrenheit it can't! (TO SELF) Can it?

60. EXT. SNOWFIELD OUTSIDE HUNTER'S CABIN

FX: COLD WIND SWIRLING. IN FAR DISTANCE, WOLVES BARKING, ICE GUN BLASTING. YRSA WALKS AHEAD OF FRIDA.

YRSA:

Why don't you just leave me here like Sigdor did?

FRIDA:

I'm delivering you to our most valued customer. He can decide what to do with you: hunt you across the reserve or extract your memory where you stand. (BEAT) Not that there'll be any pleasant memories in that head of yours. Mother died early, and your father... Well, we all know what happened to him. [Tragic, really. We should do better for our esteemed client. Provide really valuable trophies.]

FX: UNDER THE ABOVE, A 4X4 DRIVES UP TO GATES SOME WAY OFF...

YRSA:

Someone's coming.

FRIDA:

I wouldn't get your hopes up. Those gates can withstand a tank, I'm told.

FX: 4x4 CRASHES STRAIGHT THROUGH GATES. CONTINUES TO DRIVE THROUGH THE SNOW TOWARDS US.

FRIDA:

What in Hellion's name...?

YRSA:

You should get your money back. A 4x4 got through.

FX: THE 4X4 SPEEDS TOWARDS IT.

FRIDA:

(SHOUTING OUT) Stop now, or this gun will slice your vehicle in two!

FX: 4x4 SKIDS TO HALT. CAR DOOR OPENS. INGRID STEPS OUT.

INGRID:

Good afternoon, Yrsa, Frida. I see you two are now... more fully acquainted.

FRIDA:

(WITH RELIEF) Sigdor's little lapdog! Thank goodness.

INGRID:

I picked this up on the way.

FX: INGRID ACTIVATES FREEZER GUN.

FRIDA:

(NERVOUS LAUGH) You need to point that at her, not me. (BEAT) Wait – where did you get a freezer gun?

INGRID:

From Yrsa's father. He'd like it that I'm using it to save her.

FX: VERY FAINTLY, UNDER THE BELOW, YRSA MOVES BEHIND FRIDA

FRIDA:

Freezer gun versus laser gun. Quite an impasse.

YRSA:

(VERY CLOSE BEHIND FRIDA) It would be, 'Frida', if I wasn't pointing a laser pistol into the small of your back.

FRIDA:

What...?

YRSA:

I picked it up before we left the cabin. (BEAT) So pass the gun to me.

FRIDA:

(SIGH) Alright. (PASSES IT)

YRSA:

(TAKING IT) Thank you. – But you should take my 'pistol', it's only fair.

FRIDA:

(REALISATION) But this is...

YRSA:

A pen, yes. Don't tell the Marficks, they might want it back.

FRIDA:

The what...?

YRSA:

(TO INGRID) So what happens now, Chief?

INGRID:

Charge her, Inspector. She's complicit in countless murders.

FRIDA:

So are you.

INGRID:

And I'll pay for it.

FRIDA:

Why are you helping her, anyway?

INGRID:

Seeing Yrsa stand up for her father, for herself, for decency... well, it reminded me why I joined the police in the first place.

FRIDA:

(DEEP SARCASM) You thawed. How touching.

INGRID:

You can be quiet.

FX: APPROACHING POLICE SIRENS; HELICOPTER OVER...

YRSA:

What about Sigdor?

INGRID:

If Floki's done as I told him – Sigdor, and all of his guests inside the observation platform, are about to find they've been locked in. (HEARING SIRENS/HELICOPTER) Yes, and that'll be the anti-corruption unit, arriving in force.

FX: IN FAR DISTANCE, HUNTER'S HORN RINGS OUT.

FRIDA:

(SMUG) The hunt's still on. Whatever happens to us, the Doctor dies.

CUT TO:

61. EXT. BY HOT SPRINGS, HELLION REYKJAVIC RESERVE

FX: WOLVES & HUNTER JUST BEHIND AS HOT SPRINGS BUBBLE UP IN FRONT OF THE ONCOMING DOCTOR. WHOOSH!

DOCTOR:

(GASPS, REELING) Aah!

HUNTER:

One hundred and two degrees, I believe you said, Doctor? But don't worry – you'll be a lot cooler, any minute...

DOCTOR:

That's what you think, Great Hunter. (TAKING LUPINE TRANSLATOR OUT OF POCKET) Fortunately, I had the presence of mind not to leave a certain device behind in my TARDIS, this time...

FX: SWITCHES TRANSLATOR ON. BUZZES SLIGHTLY.

DOCTOR:

My friends – disarm the Hunter, please.

FX: TRANSLATOR BARKS. WOLVES JUMP UP, SNARLING...

HUNTER:

What the...? Get off me, stupid creatures! Aah! (FREEZER GUN KNOCKED OUT OF GRASP) My freezer gun...!

FX: FREEZER GUN SLIDES ACROSS THE ICE...

DOCTOR:

I'll take that, I think.

HUNTER:

You're no hunter. You can't shoot me! You don't have the blood for it.

DOCTOR:

Quite right, I don't. But I'm more than happy to consign it to a hundred-and-two-degrees-fahrenheit grave. (TOSSES FREEZER GUN INTO SPRING)

FX: SPRING BUBBLES FURIOUSLY.

HUNTER:

I'll tear your limbs off and sew them back to front for that!

FX: WOLF WHINES IN FEAR.

DOCTOR:

No you won't. Be sensible – turn back, head for the shore.

HUNTER:

Not when you're so near – (RUNS)

FX: HUNTER RUNS, BOOTS THUNDERING, ICE CRACKING. HOT SPRINGS BUBBLE UNDERNEATH.

DOCTOR:

The ice is giving way! (SHOUTS) Go back!

FX: ICE AROUND HUNTER GOES CRACK – CRICK – CRUCK!

HUNTER:

(REALISING) No – no – Doctor, there's no way back!

FX: CRAAAACKK!!!! HUNTER FALLS THROUGH THE ICE, STRAIGHT INTO SPRINGS. EXPLOSION OF BOILING WATER.

HUNTER:

(CRIES OUT – BEING BOILED ALIVE) Aaaaaah!

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Reach out your hand! Quickly!

HUNTER:

(EFFORT) Grr!

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) That's it, just a bit further.

HUNTER:

(IN PAIN, EFFORT) Why don't you just leave me to die?

DOCTOR:

Because I don't have the blood for it. (BEAT) Now, one last effort, take my hand.

HUNTER:

I can't reach. It burns. It boils. I–

FX: ONE LAST ERUPTION OF STEAM.

HUNTER:

(SCREAMS AS HE SINKS INTO SPRING) Aaaaaaaaaaaa–

FX: BEAT. WOLVES BEGIN TO WHINE.

DOCTOR:

I know, my friends, I know.

FX: FADE.

62. EXT. OUTSIDE OBSERVATION DECK [LATER]

FX: HELICOPTER IDLING, OFF. POLICE SIREN SQUAWKS.

SIGDOR:

(BEING DRAGGED OUT OF DOOR) You're finished, Constable! Do you hear me? Your career is over!

CONSTABLE:

The Inspector's father's files and tapes say otherwise, sir...

SIGDOR:

What files? What tapes?

CONSTABLE:

The ones the Chief and I deposited at the Ministry for Justice on the way here.

SIGDOR:

The Minister for Justice? But she's—

INGRID:

(WALKING UP) Not one of your people, Minister?

YRSA:

(WALKING UP) What a pity, Minister.

SIGDOR:

You two! You're working together?!

INGRID:

Put the Minister in the van, Constable. I'll be bringing along his accomplice here. Won't I, 'Frida'?

FRIDA:

(IN HANDCUFFS) I'd like to see you try to extradite me.

SIGDOR:

The tour guide? You can't arrest her, she's— (STOPS SELF)

YRSA:

Not what? Not human? I wonder what you are, 'Minister'.

INGRID:

(TO FRIDA) Come on, you —

FX: AS CONSTABLE & INGRID LEAD SIGDOR & FRIDA AWAY, DOCTOR TRUDGES THROUGH SNOW TOWARDS YRSA.

DOCTOR:

Well now, Inspector — you seem to have everything well under control...

FX: YRSA RUSHES UP TO THE DOCTOR, HUGS HIM.

YRSA:

Doctor! You're safe!

DOCTOR:

Just about. Unlike the Hunter.

INGRID:

Is he dead?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so. The woman, Frida — I take it she was the Hellion guide...?

YRSA:

Yes, she was.

DOCTOR:

Then I suggest we gather up her and any other non-human here, put them in the Hunter's cabin, and get the Marficks to fly them back to Vallinn...

YRSA:

What? But —

DOCTOR:

Together with all the evidence you can gather regarding Hellion's activities on Earth. In this instance, the long arm of the law needs to stretch a little longer, don't you think?

YRSA:

(SIGH) I'll talk to the Minister for Justice in the morning. — What about you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Well, while I'm here, I thought I might take a short walk — beyond the lake, over that hill and into the forest where the Hidden Folk live. You could come with me, if you wanted..

YRSA:

What, really?

DOCTOR:

Let's see if we can't find some trolls.

THE END